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The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1937 NUMBER 1172

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The Week

MOST spectacular news of the week ended May 10 was the burning of the Zeppelin "Hindenburg," with heavy loss of life, just as it arrived at its landing field in New Jersey. An American airplane promptly took off for London to bring back the coronation films which the "Hindenburg" was to have carried on its next trip. . . . Meanwhile preparations for the coronation pageantry, rather hollow in view of the abdication of Edward and the diminished prestige of the British monarchy, came to a conclusion. . . . More important fundamentally were the events in Spain, with the outbreak of an Anarchist revolt in Barcelona, which though temporarily suppressed increased the hopes of the fascists, and the continued fighting for Bilbao. Horror and protest against the air massacre at Guernica increased. . . . Baron von Neurath's visit to Rome resulted in a strengthening of ties between Germany and Italy. Nobody knows the secret understandings, but on the surface it appears that Italy agreed to German economic penetration of southeastern Europe while Germany agreed to respect Austrian independence. Czechoslovakia was left conspicuously isolated, while both Powers furthered their scheme for an anti-Communist bloc of nations, inviting participation by France and Britain. Both continued their moral support of Franco in Spain; how much material support they can get through the blockade is a mystery. . . . Mussolini continued his curious wooing of England by an embargo on news of the coronation, while most of the Great Powers boycotted his triumphal parade celebrating the rape of Ethiopia.

IN THE United States, Congress continued to mark time while the Supreme Court fight dragged on and the President was on a fishing vacation. . . . The main controversy concerned governmental economy through drastic cutting of relief; even the President's proposal to slash the appropriation to $1,500,000,000 was not enough for some members, who advocated only $1,000,000,000. Mr. Hopkins warned that this would throw 400,000 reliefers onto state and local communities. If "economy" of this kind is practised it will without much question be illusory, for a supplemental appropriation will be necessary later. . . . The Hollywood strike of motion-picture actors was effective; that of the technicians continued. The steel union found difficulty in signing up two big independent companies—Youngstown and Jones and Laughlin; a strike was threatened. CIO organizers were sentenced in Lewiston, Maine, to jail sentences for contempt of court in violating a drastic anti-labor injunction, though the shoe strike itself seemed by way of being settled. A large section of the Seamen's Union broke away from their A.F. of L. organization and voted to join the CIO, inviting the West Coast shipping unions to come with them. The CIO invaded the New York transit field. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, one of the CIO's constituent members, voted in convention to renew negotiations for conciliation with the A.F. of L.

IN Catalonia, the Socialists want to win the war first and have their revolution afterwards. The Anarchists want to have their revolution right now, and want it to be more thoroughgoing than in Russia—for example, they want to collectivize the peasants as of today, and in spite of the fact that

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collectivization is the last thing the peasants are asking for. Essentially this is the situation behind the recent revolt of the Anarchists, though there were many minor irritations on both sides. The Anarchists said that their troops at the front were getting no arms. The Socialists said that the Anarchist troops refused to obey the general staff, also they said that the Anarchists were keeping arms in Barcelona instead of using them against Franco. Finally the Anarchists came out in the streets with tanks and machine guns, and several hundred people were killed before they went home again. It threatened to be a worse blow to the loyalists than Mola's advance against Bilbao. There will be more trouble in Catalonia. The Anarchists in Barcelona have kept their arms and are likely to revolt again. But they are not likely to get control of the country. Their action has isolated them from the army and most of the people. They no longer control the biggest labor union, the CGT (rival of the not-quite-so-big Socialist union, the UGT). Leaders of the two unions are now working together, and the Valencia government has named a general of its own to command the Catalonian troops.

THE disaster to the "Hindenburg" was one more reminder of how very disappointing the radio is as a medium for communicating news. To be sure, it brought the first report of the tragedy almost at once into millions of homes, and frequent bulletins were broadcast for many hours afterward. We do not doubt that the network men performed miracles of heroism and exhaustion in getting reports from Lakehurst and putting them on the air. It was probably not their fault that they wildly overestimated the number of dead and that most of them continued to do so for at least an hour and a half. Yet, as is always the case in such a situation, anyone who sat before a receiving set trying to find out what had happened was exasperated to the point of fury. As you turned the dial from station to station, you heard the networks' standard product: the same jazz orchestras, the same comedians' routine jokes, the customary sentimental ballads. Now and then, you caught the final words of a news bulletin; now and then, of course, you heard an entire statement; but the whole effect was one of futility and exasperation. In a sensible world, one good station in each city would have broadcast news reports exclusively, repeating them when necessary, while the others went on with their normal programs. But what has radio to do with a sensible world?

OUR hearty salutations to the Hollywood motion-picture stars, 96 percent of whom voted for a strike in order to win a closed shop and improved conditions for extras and bit players. A large segment of the press has been poking fun at these players, none of whom earns less than $250 a week, while some, as is well known, have salaries of several hundred thousand dollars yearly. It is true that most of the men and women who voted for the strike have little to gain from the victory, except that as artists they are benefited when they are supported by players who are not in a state of semi-starvation. But since when has altruism become a legitimate subject in America for sneers? It seems to us, on the contrary, that these players lived up to the finest tradition of the theatre when they voted, at the serious risk of subsequent reprisal by their employers, for an action meant almost entirely to help the least successful members of their own profession.

SENATOR Nye has demanded a congressional investigation of the activities of agents of the Spanish rebels in the United States. Mr. Nye has in his possession documents revealing elaborate espionage originating in "a fashionable New York hotel" and spreading to Cuba, Mexico, France and Spain. His information includes the following:

> Letters from a New York steamship company, said to be that of Marcelino Garcia and Manuel Diaz, 17 Battery Place, to a Spanish rebel officer regretting the lack of an armed blockade of the Strait of Yucatan. Such a blockade might prevent the export of military supplies from Mexico to the Spanish loyalists, export that is legal under international law. Such a blockade would also, presumably, violate the Monroe Doctrine.
>
> From the same source came information to the rebels about the movements of the SS "Mar Cantabrico," which carried military supplies from Mexico to the Spanish government. The "Mar Cantabrico" was captured by the fascists.
>
> Among those implicated in this international espionage are a number of former employees of the Spanish Embassy in Washington, who no longer have any official standing but are still in this country on diplomatic passports. Among them are reported to be Juan Francisco de Cardenas, former Spanish Ambassador; Jose de Gregorio, former Secretary of the Embassy, and T. Mateos, former Chancellor of the Embassy.

Senator Nye properly points out that the actions of these individuals constitute an abuse of passport privilege and that such espionage, by whomever conducted, is a violation of international law. The desirability of an exhaustive congressional investigation seems clear.

THE political trials in Brazil have now come to an end. Thirty-five individuals have been found guilty, as everyone of course knew that they would be, and have been given prison sentences ranging up to twenty-seven years. The two best known among them, Luis Carlos Prestes and Arthur Ewert, were sentenced to nearly seventeen and nearly fourteen years, respectively. All the prisoners will serve in the penal colony in the wild Matto Grosso jungle. Those with long sentences may count themselves lucky to live out their terms. They have already spent more than a year in prison. Ewert has lost sixty-six pounds during this time; Prestes charged in court that the political prisoners have been systematically tortured. The trial, of course, was farcical from first to last. After David Levinson, the

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American attorney for the defense, was forced to leave Brazil, the Brazilian Bar Association was asked to name a lawyer for the defendants. It first refused, apparently because its leaders believed justice would be impossible, and then named a man whose services were rejected by Prestes and who announced he would not attempt a defense of Ewert since "his culpability is too evident." All constitutional guarantees were suspended in Brazil seven months before the uprising of 1935, and have been suspended ever since. The trials took place secretly in a courtroom full of machine guns, tear-gas bombs and other weapons. No appeal is possible.

IT SEEMS only fair to expect at least a little finesse when a court of law intervenes on the side of employers and against labor in an industrial dispute. Even the legalistic contortionism was lacking as Justice Harry Manser of the Maine Supreme Court sentenced Powers Hapgood and five other CIO organizers to serve six months in prison for their activities in connection with the Lewiston-Auburn shoe strike. With this deed off his chest, Justice Manser proceeded to take a holiday trip to Boston. Flanked on all sides by a police guard that would have done credit to a Balkan dictator, Justice Manser stayed at a good hotel and went to a ball game, with his retinue in tow. At the hotel, he was interviewed by reporters and disclosed to them what was really on his mind in sentencing Hapgood and the other CIO organizers. The New York Herald Tribune reported him as indicating that the defendants "might be freed if they would promise to stop their strike activities and leave Maine."

THE Irish are out of Spain, and a windy pretense has come to an empty end. The hard-talking but soft-fighting General O'Duffy, who graciously permitted his tatterdemalion Blue Shirt fascists to be hailed as the saviors of Christianity, has gathered up his homesick command and retired from the field. The chief casualties seem to have been inflicted by a jittery company of Franco followers who saw the Irish about to take over their first trenches in February and opened fire under the mistaken impression that they were loyalists. Some four or five men were killed on each side before this little mistake could be cleared up. The New York Times has published an account of the Irish adventures written by Francis McCullagh, whose uncritical adoration of the fascist cause rivals that of The Times's other great gift to war journalism, William P. Carney. Even Mr. McCullagh has to admit that "General Franco regarded the Irish not as a military force but as a gesture from the English-speaking world and never asked them to take part in a serious attack." The 750 men in the detachment got their fill of fascist warfare, even so. Mr. McCullagh tells of their being forced to witness some of the executions behind the lines that form so large a part of the fascist activities and being sickened by the sight. Dissatisfaction with the food, homesickness, fear of disease and "sleeping nightly in dead men's beds in deserted, looted villages" are given as some of the chief reasons for the withdrawal.

IN OUR issue of May 12, we commented on Harvard's indicated intention of being represented at the celebration of Göttingen University, in Germany. Harvard had accepted Göttingen's invitation and had said she would send a delegate if one happened to be in the vicinity at the proper time. She has now announced firmly that there will be no delgate though she sends friendly greetings. Columbia has taken a somewhat similar action. President Butler sent his university's greetings to Göttingen, accompanied by a pointed statement of hope that she may some day return to her former glory. It is fair to assume, we think, that Herr Hitler would have preferred an outright refusal. Yale and Princeton have declined the invitation, as have many other universities in England and on the Continent. By doing so, they acknowledged the obligation of institutions of higher learning to the cause of truth and freedom, an obligation that no longer means anything at Göttingen or any other German university.

Midas America

ONE REASON assigned for the recent sudden collapse of commodity and stock prices was a report that the administration, worried by impending inflation, was about to revalue the dollar upward again in terms of gold. This rumor was promptly and firmly denied in Washington, but no sooner had its reverberations died down than a recommendation that such action ought to be taken came from the Bank for International Settlements. There appears to be no immediate likelihood whatever that the authorities will follow this advice; yet the fact remains that they are worried and that their worry is intimately connected with the gold value of the dollar and the rapidly rising prices which have threatened to come from it.

The present occasion for alarm is the rapid flow of "hot money" to the United States from Europe. Capital keeps coming to this country—the net receipts in 1936 were $1,141,000,000, and the funds continue to arrive. When foreigners make deposits in American banks or buy securities in this country, or pay for American goods and services, money has to be transferred to pay for them. As long as our payments to other countries are substantially equal to those coming in, the remittances both ways may be handled by bills of exchange, but when there is a surplus one way or the other, the balance has to be settled in gold. So much greater were foreign payments to us in 1936 than our payments abroad that there was a net gold import of $1,116,000,000. This was largely accounted for by new foreign deposits and investments in this country.

These funds are not needed by American business or industry. Their inflow serves principally to bid up

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prices in the markets. They could be withdrawn as rapidly as they have come in, thus causing a collapse of prices. The gold may be needed abroad; a continuation of the inward flow might seriously reduce European bank reserves. It is not needed here; on the contrary it creates an embarrassing problem. Our bank reserves are so large that the Federal Reserve Board has twice found it necessary to reduce their effectiveness by increasing the ratio of required reserves. In spite of this action, excess reserves have kept on growing, and on April 28 stood at about $1,640,000,000. Large excess reserves embody a constant menace of credit inflation, with speculation and rising prices throughout industry and trade. In order to keep the influx of gold from further increasing these reserves, the Treasury has "sterilized" a large amount—that is, it has bought the gold and placed it in government vaults so that it would not remain in the possession of banks and so become automatically an addition to their credit base. Yet this is an expensive process; in recent months it has added about $600,000,000 to the deficit. The gold is of no earthly use to us; we have spent for it over half a billion dollars which might just as well have been thrown into the ocean or used to buy emeralds and diamonds that nobody will ever see.

The proximate cause of this embarrassing influx of gold is of course that the floating supply of European capital has been seeking refuge or profits in this country. War scares have been prevalent, and in case of a general war America offers both relative safety and chances of profit. Perhaps even more potent is the belief that prosperity, resulting from a mild form of inflation, is on the way in this country, and that it is well to get in on the ground floor. If the European situation becomes more settled, and if the administration in Washington can create the impression—as it seems bent on doing—that it will not allow speculative inflation and has sufficient means to prevent it, then perhaps the influx will cease or turn the other way. More specific measures aimed directly at the problem, like special forms of taxation, have also been discussed.

There is another explanation, however, that seems more fundamental than this. If it is sound, then the gold and capital movement is not merely temporary and is not likely to be permanently reversed without removing the basic cause. This is the original devaluation of the dollar and the relationship which resulted between American and foreign currencies and price levels. When the dollar left gold and eventually was stabilized at 59 cents, it became cheaper for foreigners to buy in this country, and more expensive for us to buy abroad. The result, at least temporarily, was to exert a stimulating effect on exports and a restraining one on imports. Because, as a result of the War, we had become a creditor nation, it was normally to be expected that our imports would grow much more rapidly than our exports and that we would develop a large "unfavorable" balance of trade—provided the debts were to be paid. But so far, this has not happened. The result is that there is not enough dollar exchange available to foreigners even to pay their debts to us, not to speak of transferring new capital to this country. Therefore an excess of payments coming in has to take the form of shipments of gold—which is of no use to us and lack of which may cause embarrassment to others. As long as this situation obtains, we shall keep on draining the world of its gold. We had much better have had the real wealth which an enlargement of imports of goods and services would have provided.

The situation caused by devaluation would have corrected itself in the long run if American prices had risen more rapidly than prices abroad. But so far, this tendency has not been marked. The fact that relations between price levels have changed little although the gold value of the dollar was so drastically reduced is what makes British authorities, for instance, believe that the dollar is "undervalued" and renders them reluctant to establish permanent exchange ratios on the present basis. But our administration now appears to be bent upon keeping domestic prices from rising further. It is in a dilemma, because to allow devaluation to follow through to its natural effect is to allow domestic inflation, while to revalue the dollar upward again seems to incur the danger of deflation and business depression.

From this point of view, everything that has recently happened—accumulation of excess reserves, influx of capital and gold—is the natural though delayed result of devaluation, and cannot finally be remedied without either permitting these factors to produce their normal result of a boom in prices or reversing the action which devalued the dollar. Temporary expedients will not avail. If the explanation is correct, a fundamental unbalance in world trade and a maldistribution of gold will continue, just as it did before the crash of 1929, and will engender more trouble. Certainly the question of currency valuation and exchange ratios is one that requires the most careful study and international agreement at the earliest possible moment.

Just as fundamental is the question raised by the world bankers—whether worldwide devaluation, plus the enormous new gold stocks which the depression has brought forth, has not so greatly increased the efficiency of the world's banking reserves that a period of inflation is in prospect everywhere that will be uncontrollable by the half-measures now employed. A study of this subject months ago by The London Economist pointed out that a basis for inflation now exists such as the world has not known for centuries. The same study indicated that the United States might well be the focal point from which this inflation would spread. Nothing has happened to change the ultimate prospect. It begins to look as if the old controversy between the "automatic" gold standard and managed currencies were obsolete. We have had to try to manage the gold standard itself, and the task

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begins to look almost too big. The question now may be whether it would not be simpler to abandon altogether an unmanageable gold standard and manage currency by direct and thoroughgoing measures.

The "Hindenburg" Disaster

THE DESTRUCTION of the "Hindenburg," and the accompanying loss of thirty-five or more lives, sent a wave of horrified emotion around the world. The reason for this was not, of course, the loss of life. Only one-tenth as much attention was paid by the New York press, a few days earlier, to the murder of eight hundred helpless men, women and children by the Spanish rebels at Guernica. The "Hindenburg" disaster was important news largely because of its drama—the great silver ship slipping down out of the sky, the sudden burst of flame, the almost instantaneous destruction of the huge fabric. For nearly the first time in history, motion-picture cameras were present at a major disaster (the one previous example we can remember was the sinking of an Austrian battleship during the War). The proud march of mechanical invention was able to record the tragic episode in unforgettable scenes on motion-picture film, and to send the news around the world in a seventh of a second; but man's ingenuity could not—or at least did not—prevent the deaths of one-third of the passengers and crew.

The sensational press promptly printed huge black headlines making the accusation of sabotage; but thus far, there is no evidence whatever to sustain the charge. Mr. Webb Miller of the United Press states he received a warning call telling him not to travel on the "Hindenburg," since it was to be destroyed, but this warning could easily have been the work of a crank and it is hard to believe any participant in a fiendish plot would have sent such a communication. A large number of other Zeppelins lifted by inflammable hydrogen gas have burned in precisely the same way in the past twenty-five years. It is fair to assume that such ships will continue to be destroyed as long as hydrogen is used in its present form. It is possible that science may develop an artificial non-inflammable gas; and already there is helium, which is fairly satisfactory. The United States has practically a world monopoly of helium at the present time and in the past has raised some difficulties about its export. It is understood, however, that President Roosevelt had offered to sell enough helium to Germany for her immediate commercial needs. Germany, we are told, declined the offer for three reasons: she was not convinced that hydrogen is dangerous; she did not wish to become dependent upon a gas that might be unobtainable in wartime, and, desperately intent upon rearmament, she was reluctant to spare the necessary foreign exchange. Following last week's disaster, she has grounded all hydrogen-using ships.

With the fire danger eliminated, through the use of helium or otherwise, has the dirigible a future? We are inclined to doubt it, unless supplementary inventions come along that are not yet in sight. The "Hindenburg's" monopoly of North Atlantic aerial transport would have been ended in a few months in any case. Mr. C. B. Allen, in his article in this issue, shows how heavy is the pressure for speed and yet more speed. Even with a favoring wind, the best dirigibles are only about half as fast as the average passenger airplane, and the speed of the latter is moving up all the time. With head winds, the dirigible is substantially slower than a streamlined railway train. Predictions are always dangerous, but as things are going now, even the safest dirigible seems likely to be outmoded before long, as the children of the twentieth century press for ever quicker passage through the skies.

Agnosticism in the Moscow Trials

IN AN effort to discover how much good evidence is now available on which to base a judgment concerning the guilt or innocence of the accused in the Moscow trials, and concerning the alleged complicity of Trotsky, The New Republic sent the official reports of those trials, together with the published material on the Trotsky side, to Professor Fred Rodell of the Yale University School of Law, with the request that he read them as a legal expert trained in the evaluation of testimony and let us know what his conclusions were. He replied in part as follows:

> After reading all the material, I feel that I know just as little about what really happened as before I started. I might just as well have read "Alice in Wonderland" and then tried to write up the trials. Briefly, the reports were not convincing to me, in either direction. There was nothing sufficiently tangible for me to feel *this* is true, or *this* isn't true. Nothing but words and words and talk and talk: we "met," we "planned terroristic activity," Trotsky "communicated" with us (but by messenger, or by a letter that was destroyed), we "ordered so-and-so to do such-and-such," so-and-so "agreed" to our counter-revolutionary tactics, etc. So far as I'm concerned the whole thing might still have been a frame-up or every word might have been gospel truth.
>
> The Trotsky side's material does bring out the helter-skelterness, the occasional contradictions, the absence of convincing proof which I felt when reading the reports. But the Trotsky stuff is not affirmatively convincing either. It is purely defensive, critical, intent only on showing the absence of a cold case on the other side. The two cancel each other out and leave, to my skeptical mind, exactly nothing.

Mr. Rodell at first desired that this conclusion be not published. "It would of course," he wrote, "be interpreted as a criticism of the Stalin position (the affirmative always has the burden of proof)—and

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I don't want that. I am still, so far as my own opinion about the trials is concerned, completely neutral, or agnostic. Moreover I do not think it is any of my business—or anyone's else—to rush in on the basis of literally no real information. Perhaps some day some material with probative teeth in it will be published. But meanwhile I do not believe anyone not on the inside can know, or even guess, except by wishful preconceptions. And I do not propose to write about it at all in an avowed vacuum." Our insistence, however, changed Mr. Rodell's decision on this point. We argued that it is equally important for others to believe that it is none of their business to take sides. Why should American liberals take part in a violent quarrel based on insufficient evidence, particularly in view of the fact that unity is necessary on the tasks facing us in the United States? This does not mean that judgment must be suspended forever. We believe that the facts will some time come out. But in the meantime it is more courageous to admit that a conclusion is impossible than to attempt to reach one.

So far as we know, no other competent legal expert has rendered an opinion on the documents. We offer Mr. Rodell's, not of course as conclusive, but for what it is worth.

A Modest Proposal for Flood Control

FOR THE third time in a few months, flood conditions have been experienced on the upper reaches of the Ohio and its tributaries. This fact perhaps makes it appropriate to mention the most startling suggestion for flood control that we remember ever to have read. It was made a few weeks ago by Mr. Mark Swan in Rob Wagner's Script, and endorsed by the editor of that lively publication.

Mr. Swan, who lived many years in the Ohio Valley and went through several disastrous floods, proposes that control of the kinds at present chiefly utilized should simply be abolished, and that we should return to the method used for thousands of years in the valley of the Nile. When the annual floods occur along the Nile, the inhabitants simply get out of their way and wait for the water to recede. Then they return and till their fields, which have been enriched by a new layer of precious silt.

In this country, Mr. Swan points out, we are following just the reverse of this procedure. We try to hold our flooded rivers within their banks, thus making the current deeper and swifter. Billions of tons of valuable top soil are thus carried down stream and some of it is lost forever. He points out that we cannot go on indefinitely building levees higher and higher, until the bed of the stream is above the surrounding countryside—a process that has been pursued, with disastrous results, in China.

Mr. Swan's gentle suggestion is, therefore, simply that when the floods come, we get out of their way. Presumably, he would relocate towns that are now on the lowlands. Farm structures, so far as possible, he would put on stilts above the flood level, or perhaps even on wheels or skids, so that they could be moved to the nearest high ground while the flood was in progress. Then when the waters had subsided, leaving their invaluable burden of rich top soil behind them, the inhabitants could come back and go on with their affairs.

While at first glance the suggestion sounds fantastic, it is actually not so far away from the present thinking of the experts on the flood-control problem. As our readers hardly need to be told, their plans begin with the problem of safeguarding "the little waters" through reforestation and restoration of the original "cover" of grasses and shrubs as well as trees, so that when the rain falls it will not rush down from the denuded hillsides. This program is supplemented by catch basins and reservoirs where necessary. Such proposals would mitigate the severity of floods, but would not entirely prevent them. Mr. Swan's proposal, incidentally, sounds a little less unreasonable when we remember that the losses from floods in two successive years have been estimated at $1,000,000,000 and may amount to even more.

Mr. Wagner, approving his contributor's idea, paints a startling picture of the future farm life in the flood area. He sees the farmers living in houses resembling automobile trailers. When the flood season came around, human beings and livestock would participate in a great migration to nearby highland areas reserved for this purpose. There the annual Grange meetings and livestock fairs would be held; there the farmer's pretty daughter could make the acquaintance of the most eligible suitors for a hundred miles around. Government agents, no doubt, would set up model farms, and salesmen for every sort of household appliance would reap their harvest while the flooding river was making sure that the farmer could subsequently do likewise. The picture is so idyllic that one is tempted to hope it might become a reality, if only for the social values involved.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1937, IN THE U. S., BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK.

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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

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Why Do Air Liners Crash?

PUBLIC interest in the tribulations of aviation has been stirred to unusual pitch this winter by the most persistent run of accidents that has harassed American air transportation since the army's tragic attempt to fly the air mail three years ago. In less than four months, beginning last December 15, fifty-one persons have been killed in six air-line crashes.[1] Fourteen others perished in the wreckage of two transport planes on other than regular scheduled flights. As a result people everywhere are asking what is wrong with our aviation industry, whether it is safe to fly and who, if anybody, has been remiss in safeguarding air travel.

Not even those in the industry are in complete agreement on the answers. The issues have been beclouded and twisted by politicians—some of them in high places—whose ignorance of the basic facts has only been exceeded by a ghoulish astuteness in warping them to their own selfish ends.

It is an ironical commentary, though beside the point, that a contemporary series of bus accidents has snuffed out as many lives and in as large contingents as the airline crashes, yet received only passing notice in the nation's press; the clamor has been about aviation's toll alone. Accepting this as a fact, reasonable or otherwise, an attempt will be made to set forth and discuss the questions that seem to be uppermost in the public mind whenever talk turns to the theme, "Why do air liners crash?"

1. Is It the Airplane Designer's Fault?—The charge is heard frequently that airplane builders, in their constant effort to develop craft that will carry more and more passengers at ever higher speeds, are turning out machines that are increasingly complicated and difficult to fly; that safety is being sacrificed to speed and efficiency. Those who make this charge cite the fact that the modern air liner's landing speed has gone up as designers have boosted its top speed by refining line and form.

None of these facts, however, is particularly relevant to air safety, since air transportation's bad accidents have not been due to landing speed of the planes involved. Some ships have ground-looped, gone through fences and otherwise damaged themselves because the pilots underestimated their momentum, brake effectiveness and length of runway needed to bring them to a halt, but mishaps of this nature have cost no lives. The airplanes in which people have been killed hit at far more than their criticized landing speeds; some pilots maintain that a modern air liner could be brought down on almost any kind of terrain without serious injury to those aboard if it were landed as slowly as possible.

Within the next year, four-engined Douglas and Boeing "super-transports" are expected to be ready for service and the Bureau of Air Commerce already has indicated it will restrict their landings to "super-airports" with runways at least 4,000 feet long in all directions and unobstructed approaches for several miles around the field. Certain air terminals, notably that at Cleveland, have been revamped in anticipation of such craft, but only about 30 of the 190 scheduled air-line stops in the country currently meet these requirements. However, the projected changes in airport requirements should not be hailed as introducing any new element of safety in air travel; their primary purpose is to maintain *existing* safety margins during take-offs and landings by ships which will have approximately twice the passenger capacity and gross weight of today's biggest air liners.

Viewers-with-alarm of modern trends in aircraft design are going about suggesting darkly that wing-flap "air brakes," with which most transport planes and many of the private-owner type are now equipped, have had a lot to do with recent air-line crashes. It is true that a flap-equipped plane handles differently when the flaps are down than when they are up, and that it is dangerous to lower the flaps without first reducing the airplane's speed. All this, however, is covered in the pilot's "familiarization" training when he first begins to fly flap-equipped craft. Furthermore, planes of this type must demonstrate their complete airworthiness, both with flaps up and down, in exhaustive flight tests before they are licensed by the government.

There is even better evidence that flaps are being unjustly, perhaps even maliciously accused; in the two crashes where "flap trouble" was most strongly advanced by its fanciers as the probable cause, investigation revealed that the flaps never had been lowered—alas for the fallibility of long-range "experting"!

2. Is It the Government's Fault?—Blaming the Bureau of Air Commerce for aviation disasters on the ground that it maintains inadequate radio facilities and other airway aids to flight is a favorite pastime. Radio beacons and other present aids admittedly are far from perfect, and no one will deny that additional and somewhat better ones could have been provided if the government had spent more money in this field. But it is self-evident that an important part of an air-line operator's business is to know the status of the aids along the route he flies and that, if he does a type of flying not in keeping with their limitations, it is absurd to blame "inadequate government aids" when the trouble he has courted finally catches up with him.

[1] Mr. Allen's article, written before the accident to the "Hindenburg," refers to airplane crashes only.—THE EDITORS.

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The very set-up of the Bureau of Air Commerce makes it virtually impossible for an air-line crash to occur unless there has been a violation of the government's rules for safe flying. These consist of a complicated regulation structure to forestall every air contingency, except the unlikely or the unforeseen, which might jeopardize passenger safety. They do not cover simultaneous failure of both engines on a twin-motored plane, for instance—a one-in-a-million chance against which the only sure safeguard would be to stay on the ground—or the accidental jamming of controls by a dropped microphone, a hazard already eliminated by changed design.

Nevertheless, the regulations are drawn to make air travel accident-proof if they are conscientiously observed by the operators and rigidly enforced by the government. Clearly the latter may be charged with a measure of responsibility for air-line crashes if it winks at "minor infractions" or "unimportant violations" until a seemingly innocent series of these adds up to a tragic total, as they did in the crash in which Senator Bronson Cutting was killed—then points to its safety rules and says that if they had not been ignored there would have been no accident. In the case of the Cutting crash, though neither the air line nor the Bureau of Air Commerce would admit it, too much credulity is required to believe that the petty violations leading up to this disaster had not been going on for a long time. Not to have known this is as bad as to have condoned it by a policy of easygoing enforcement.

3. Is It the Operator's Fault?—Much has been said about "pilot pushing" by operators who, in their greed for profits, insist on flights going through regardless of weather. This theory immediately runs afoul of certain facts affecting air-line operation, specifically an elaborate structure of government regulations establishing conditions under which flights may or may not be dispatched. These concern visibility and minimum cloud "ceilings" which must prevail at starting point and destination before passenger planes are permitted to take off.

Such "minimums" vary for day and night flying and for individual airports; they are less stringent in the daytime and stricter for fields surrounded by hills, mountains or other approach obstacles than for those in flat, open country where planes can "let down" through the clouds with impunity. Failure to observe them results in serious penalties for the air-line operator, the pilot and the dispatcher.

It might be remarked here that flying-weather minimums, like all other regulations governing air transportation, are a set of rules jointly drawn up by the air lines and the government as reasonable restrictions in the interest of air safety, not an arbitrary code that has been imposed on the industry. It is also fair to report that, although there has been a tendency to describe most of this winter's crashes as "bad-weather accidents," all the planes involved were dispatched under terminal conditions well above the prescribed safety minimums.

Unquestionably the air lines, whether they have competition or not, strive to complete as many of their scheduled flights as possible. The Post Office Department does not pay its air-mail contractors for mail which has to be delivered by train, and passenger fares have to be refunded when a trip is "canceled out." In addition, the line's reputation for dependability of service suffers and this affects future ticket sales. Yet, wholly aside from existing restrictions and the humanitarian aspects of "forcing" pilots to go out against their better judgment in the face of unsafe weather conditions—if this were possible—such a policy inevitably would cost more than it possibly could come to in dollars and cents, the motive to which it is ascribed. Losing a modern air liner with a cabin full of passengers is expensive business; between replacement of the plane, damage suits and loss of public confidence, the cost easily may run to a half-million dollars. It is cheaper to cancel a few schedules.

Those seeking evidence of air liners flying under "pressure" that may some time have a sinister sequel might probe more profitably in another quarter. This is a Post Office Department policy that prizes speed so highly it takes air mail away from one operator and gives it to another whenever the competitor can offer faster schedules, no matter at what price of pushing planes and motors to the limit of their performance. A badgered Bureau of Air Commerce might well take a hand here by setting a limit on scheduled cruising speeds for various types of air liners, eliminating once and for all the hazards incident to "throttle bending."

4. Is It the Pilot's Fault?—A majority of this winter's air-line crashes have been attributed primarily to "pilot error," and most of the pilots who fly the airways tend to concur in the finding. Critics assail such an answer as being in a class with the old railroad practice of blaming the dead engineer. Their bitterness, unfortunately, develops more heat than light; in too many cases mute evidence remaining after the tragedy points unmistakably to what pilots call "cockpit trouble" as the fundamental cause of the crash.

If a plane inexplicably is miles off its course when it comes to grief, under flying conditions through which similar ships reached their destination safely, it is absurd to blame its fate on a radio beacon that brought other craft into port without mishap. When the twisted wreck of an air liner is found at a spot on the pilot's route which he would have cleared by 5,000 feet if he had observed government flying regulations for this run, it is fairly clear that the man in the cockpit either did not know where he was or resorted to forbidden short cuts in coming down through the clouds at the end of his trip.

Unfortunately there has been no method in the past of checking up on the insistence of certain pilots upon a dangerous, low-flying technique. However, one of the recommendations made at the recent air-line-safety conference in Washington was

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that all transport planes be required to carry an "air log," or recording altimeter, which will supply a permanent record of the height maintained throughout a flight.

More than half of an air-line pilot's pay depends upon completion of his scheduled flights. At first glance that fact might seem quite an inducement to take a ship out in hazardous weather, yet a man who knows he can draw a salary of $8,000 or $9,000, over an undetermined number of years in which he is able to maintain his pilot proficiency, is not likely to risk all this for a few dollars' flight pay on a trip his judgment tells him should be canceled. Even if he were tempted to take a chance, he could not take off without the approval of a trained dispatcher who has a job and no flight pay at stake. Further, no matter how successfully he might complete the flight, both men would be subject to censure, severe penalties and possible dismissal if either a Bureau of Air Commerce inspector or their own company decided the plane and its passengers had been placed in jeopardy.

5. How About a Substitute for the Modern, High-Speed Air Liner? The Autogiro? Are Parachutes Practicable (a) For Passengers? (b) For the Plane Itself?—Recent air disasters have roused some demand, chiefly from non-technical sources, for a halt in the quest of higher air-line cruising speeds and concentration by designers on the problem of reducing landing speeds to a "safe" level. This proposal is based on the theory that, if planes could slow down when making "blind" landing approaches, the crash hazard would be reduced or eliminated altogether. The ability of the autogiro or "windmill" plane to land without any forward speed whatever is frequently cited to support the case for slower-landing airplanes.

One flaw in this reasoning is that the landing speed of present-day air liners (sixty to seventy miles an hour) cannot be shown to have caused a single crash in the series about which the public is currently concerned. Another is that the slower and allegedly safer planes of a few years ago suffered more fatal accidents in terms of mileage flown than are befalling the faster ships in service today. A third weakness in such logic concerns the characteristics of the autogiro itself.

So far this machine has not been produced in anything like transport size, though perhaps that can be done some time in the future. Its speed and weight-carrying ability as yet compare poorly with those of conventional-type airplanes; contrary to popular impression, based on the autogiro's few *fatal* accidents, no type of aircraft in the world, in proportion to the total number built and flown, has suffered so many crack-ups. Because of its flailing rotor blades, what would be only a minor nose-over or ground-loop to an airplane inevitably results in a major "washout" when an autogiro tips over in the course of a bad landing or is caught by a gust of wind.

Even if these inherent autogiro weaknesses could somehow be overcome or made acceptable to the industry and the flying public, there would still remain the windmill plane's peculiar vulnerability to icing conditions encountered in flight—a problem so serious that operators probably could fly only in fair weather or run the risk of having their giros tear to pieces in the air as their delicately balanced rotor blades went haywire under an accumulating load of ice.

As to parachutes: In all the accidents that have marred American air transportation during the ten years of its existence, there has been but one or, at most, two instances in which individual passenger parachutes conceivably could have saved any lives. The one clear case—assuming sufficient passenger intelligence not to pull the ripcord prematurely and kill themselves leaving the ship—was that of a trimotored Ford several years ago in California, the tail of which was cut off high in the air by a navy stunt pilot who died with the victims of his reckless whim. In other crashes there has been no warning of impending disaster until the plane was so near the ground as to render a parachute useless, even to an expert jumper. It should also be remembered that a *successful* parachute jump involves plenty of hazards, trained jumpers frequently suffering broken ankles and worse from the force with which they land.

Entire airplanes have been lowered by parachute, though not without damage, but these have been only a fraction the size and weight of modern air liners. Experts maintain that such ships are beyond the practical limitations of the parachute. Even if they are not, there are but two emergencies in which they might be used—fire in midair, of which there is no authentic record in recent years, and structural failure. In the case of fire, a parachute would only serve to hold up the burning ship until the chute itself was consumed. No recent aviation disaster has involved structural failure in flight but if it should occur, or two ships should collide, it is a reasonable assumption that the wreckage might jam the parachute release gear and render it useless.

Dropping detachable airplane cabins or individual passengers with a lever controlled by the pilot is another favorite scheme of the parachute enthusiast. One mechanical failure of such a release, or its accidental tripping by a busy pilot grabbing the wrong gadget during a take-off or landing, would raise such a clamor against strewing passengers over runways as to bar such "safety" devices forever.

These things apparently are only for the theorists. Practical flying men who operate the country's air lines probably will go ahead pretty much as they are now, knowing there is no panacea to end flying disasters and adopting safeguards here and there in the light of experience that sometimes is bound to be bitter. The one signpost to which they need pay the most attention is an age-old principle dealing with safety—that its price is eternal vigilance.

C. B. ALLEN.

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Time . . . *Marches* . . . OFF!

Readers of Time, smotchot newsweekly, who have followed with fascinated credulity the reports of Russian affairs written by its foreign editor, will, we hope, be equally bewildered by the following report of the American presidential inauguration, written as by the same pen, in the same spirit.—THE EDITORS.

VOL. 7-11, NO. 11-7 *The Hebdomadal Weekly* May 19, 1937

IRRATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Irriguous Investiture

Distinguished Members of Congress, the Cabinet and seven Justices of the Supreme Court endured icy shower bath in full regalia. One hundred thousand people goggled open-mouthed from under umbrellas while up stood Chief Justice Hughes, & Franklin D. Roosevelt having bribed, persuaded and maneuvered the American people into "reelecting" him last November 3rd.* began his second four-year try at remedying the chronic ills written deep over the face of the United States, as eyebrows shot up.

"I see," intoned he in an inaugural address dutifully cheered at the finish but notable chiefly for its stark, brutal confession of failures, "one-third of a nation ill housed, ill clad, ill nourished . . . trying to live on incomes so meager that the pall of family disaster hangs over them day by day." Followed then a ride home in car bravely opened to storm & applauding throngs but heavily guarded and carefully equipped with non-shatterable (*i.e.* bullet-proof) windshield. For the benefit of England's turtle-necked, beady-eyed Walter ("Walt") Runciman, whose conferences with the President fixing American policies in the next war had been held in most Stygian secrecy, later was staged a display of military strength lasting an hour and a half, costing cool thousands.

Old Democrats, Bread, Circuses

Curious must have been the thoughts of Headman Roosevelt (né Rosenveld) as he stood on the reviewing platform surrounded by nervous aides & sleek sycophant Senators. Few now remained of the prime favorites who fought with him in the trying days of 1933. Dead were Woodin, Howe, and Dern; cast into outer darkness for counter-revolutionary activity or because they threatened to rival their chief in popularity were Moley, Johnson, Richberg, Warburg, Browder, Minsky, Moley, T. Jefferson Coolidge. Even as his troops marched down Pennsylvania Avenue F. Roosevelt brownstudied, mulled phrases of a stinging public dismissal of good friend and servant Stanley High, whose split with the President no newspundit dared hint. One by one have these "Old Democrats" been replaced with complaisant addlepates.

No addlepate is well-to-do cigarette-smoking Franklin Roosevelt. With a majority of his 48 states torn with strife or catastrophe "America's best-dressed President" well knew the value of a ready exhibition of something to divert the minds of the electorate from something else. Bread may be scarce, but no circuses lack for the American people. In recent weeks a restless citizenry was diverted by:

¶ A series of balls in "spontaneous celebration" of the President's birthday, soon to become St. F. D. Day.

¶ Million-dollar South American junket, palpable *its* propaganda.

¶ An abrupt presidential decision to reorganize the government by consolidation of bureaus* and by sharing a modicum of might with an appointed body: title "The Secret Six." Last week's prime exhibition for distracting attention from current ills was huge second inauguration, propagandaplan.

Calamitous Decline. Wise & necessary was such a gesture at this time. Americans have learned to consider as normal such calamities as dust storms, earthquakes, floods. Nothing novel to regimented U. S. are 20,000 suicides per year, 12,000 murders, 10,000 preventable maternal deaths in childbed, 2,000,000 abortions annually, homosexualism, hit-and-run driving. But since January 1st. the seemingly ineradicable apathy & inefficiency of the people, abetted by the blunders that seem inevitable in all "democracies," have cried of crisis.

¶ Staggering yet from the unfortunate exposure last May of Detroit's Black Legion terrorism and murders was Michigan, afront a situation in which thousands of industrial workers revolted, seized property of owners, hollered havoc.

¶ Pennsylvania hoisted eyebrows over sedition astalk in its anthracite fields, later served as fountainhead for a disastrous flood which swept through five states, killing needless hundreds, while peasants armed with shotguns battled army officers who nonetheless dynamited badly-built levees to flood farms.

¶ At northern revelations that its girl children are married off to landowners at 9 years of age, the South blustered, squirmed under the exposure of the immoral purpose for which southern "tourist cabins" are universally used, smirked at the acquittal in

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* The American people had nothing to say about Franklin Roosevelt's nomination, are not permitted to elect their president, may only decide whether to choose Republican or Democratic "electors," who may elect president whomever they choose.

* See TIME, Sept. 10, 1932.

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court of fifteen identified ringleaders of a barbarous lynching, since 1882 the nation's 4,702nd.

¶ On the west coast citizens of the state of Washington kept their moppets behind locked doors, shuddered at a kidnaping and murder of a 9-year-old while even an unconstitutional law* and the dread police (G-Men) faltered futilely & back hair shot up.

¶ Into San Francisco Bay plunged a commercial airliner with all 11 occupants, in 6 weeks the 7th. air crash, bringing the total deaths since the sudden, not to say peculiar (sabotage?), collapse of American aviation to 42.

¶ Throughout America unqualifiedly failed all national & local plans for reducing automobile accidents, figures for 1936 surpassing all records.†

Meantime foreign observers cocked sceptical eyebrows at the "no defense" plea made "under pressure" by ex-naval officer J. Farnsworth to charges of treason, puzzled over the neutrality policy of a state which has passed a "social-security" law socializing all women over 65, but in its drift away from democracy refused to sell for cash to those patriots defending Spain against Spanish Reds (See TIME.) (See Red.)

Chronic & Crucial Ailments

Though significant are these conditions, chief source of American disorders lies in four crucial and chronic ailments: condition of the farmer, high prices, the budget, unemployment.

Less than half of American farmers own the land they farm. In the south thrives a plantation system in which average family income for one and a half million persons is around $200.00 per year, in which is necessary a continual campaign of terrorism for the subjugation of its starved peasants. European women, fleeing vigilance of eternal American "guides," have been known to stumble upon starving millions, burst into tears. Reliably reported a middle-aged boarding-house keeper from Chicago last fortnight: Southerners dead of starvation in 1936 numbered 2,500,000.

Incessant-soaring are prices. Cigars sell for as high as 50 cents apiece; caviar, low-priced staple in many Russian households, cannot be bought for less than $6.00 per pound, is stocked in few grocery stores, not at all outside the larger cities. Reduced are the poor to eating pumpkin baked

Copra Nuts???

into a kind of pie, a food considered in Europe fit only for swine.

Americans make their "dollar" out of paper, value it at 59c. Badly out of kilter, of course, is the budget, which not for five years has been balanced, which now stands, if government figures can be relied upon,* at a new high of about 35 billions. Revenue has been increased by sale of "Baby" bonds, which are being foisted upon middle-class wage earners. Possible maturity value: only 1-3 above par. Frantically in the state of Washington is being conducted an experiment which purports to pay aged citizens $200.00 per year for ceasing to produce. If, as most Americans believe, this experiment is either sheer idiocy or a pious racket, or both, then America's financial situation is desperate indeed.

Worst of all is the unemployment that for seven years has plagued and disrupted the American system of government. Roosevelt II, whose lightest whim and heaviest command are alike obeyed, above all other plans at one time favored that of using Alaska as a dumping ground for the Unemployed, now estimated vaguely to number between 18 and 32 millions. Because he feared Japan's designs on Alaska F. Roosevelt & Co. had hoped not only to develop a loyal colony of Unemployed to resist aggression, but also to win thereby support against Japan of all the world's Unemployed.* Plan fiascoed amid mutterings & present problem is to get these depression-bred liabilities off "relief" so as to reduce expenditures, permit further extensions in military preparedness, F. D. fishing junkets.

Jittery Future

For almost four years the president has been able to blame his many failures on two public sounding-boards, W. R. Hearst, an unpopular publisher, and the munitions-making duPonts. When leaked out his business and marital connections with these two stooges (known in common gossip as "The Deal"), the chief executive necessarily bethought himself of new sounding-boards, turned abruptly to a purge of the 9 old men who comprise the Supreme Court. To F. Roosevelt in the White House and to many another keen political observer recent events give cause for perturbation. Ominous indeed are muttering millions: this time the situation may be harder, if not impossible, to keep in hand. This time may be necessary more than bread and circuses.

Gyp? Meanwhile most dangerous grumbling in the next 6 months is likely to arise from the millions of people who have been led to hope for a comfortable Social Security pension in their notoriously meager old ages, saw their pathetic hopes abruptly doused last week with the payment in Maine of the first security benefit (amount: seventeen rubles), as eyebrows hitched heavenward.

End: Henceforth let Timeditors mind their manners, mend their Russian talk.

ROBERT MCROBERTS.

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* The Lindbergh Law, passed in 1932, presupposes the victim has been taken across a state line, makes "snatching" a Federal felony, a capital offense. Lindbergh, one-time American hero, is now in "self-imposed" exile. Into jail a fortnight ago were abruptly thrown the friends and relatives of another American hero, the late John Dillinger, for "harboring a criminal."

† Permanently maimed, 110,000; dead, 38,500; "unaccounted for," 134,672 (!).

* Hardly likely: See TIME, *Fortune, Life, The Women.*

* Significant is it that a play attacking this policy and exposing its weaknesses (*200 Were Chosen*) was assailed by the New York *Times*, official Democratic mouthpiece, and by most other editors, who quickly took their cue and fell into line. The play, which unbiased observers thought was a serious attempt to present an important theme, was withdrawn after a few performances. Their highest praise this season the editors have reserved for non-controversial "safe" plays by Shakespeare or of a historical and biographical nature.

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Franco Lies to Win

IF BAREFACED lying can turn the scales of battle, then General Francisco Franco and his Munchausen squad should win the Spanish war. A fortnight ago the Fascist insurgent commander and his military press attachés turned in the prize performance of the ten-months-old conflict. They drew a gigantic Red herring across the charred bones and bullet-drilled corpses of the 800 old men, women and children who were massacred from the air at Guernica on April 26.

According to Franco's explanation, this town behind the Basque lines, with its 7,000 inhabitants and 3,000 refugees, was not bombed for nearly four hours by German-made rebel planes—as reported by G. L. Steer, veteran war correspondent of The London Times. Fleeing civilians were not machine-gunned to death like rats. Hospitals, a convent and all of the town's churches save one were not blasted systematically to bits by the insurgents' pitiless "blackbirds." No, no! said General Franco. The truth is far simpler than that. "Guernica was destroyed by the gasoline and hand bombs of criminal incendiaries serving Basque President Juan Aguirre. Nationalist aviation did not fly all that afternoon because of bad weather. The village was converted into ruins by the Red hordes," etc., etc.

Alongside the rather imaginative phraseology of the rebel chieftain's remarkable communiqué stands the calm testimony of Correspondent Steer. After remarking that a similar bombing of Durango was denied by the insurgents despite the presence of British witnesses, Steer said:

> I have spoken to hundreds of homeless, distressed refugees who all gave precisely the same description of events. I have seen and measured the enormous bomb holes at Guernica which, since I passed through the town the day before, I can testify were not there then. Unexploded German aluminum incendiary bombs found in Guernica were marked "Rheindorf factory, 1936". . . . I myself was machine-gunned by six pursuit planes in a large bomb hole when they were returning from Guernica.

The mass of confirming evidence has been overwhelming, but it remained for Correspondent Steer to point out clearly the all-important link between the Franco insurgents' war of terrorism against civilian populations and their efforts to modify the evil effect that such warfare is bound to have upon foreign public opinion:

> This is the dissemination of false news and the unrestricted use of propaganda [said Steer]. Thus, although Durango is full of bomb holes, all churches have holed roofs, every house in wide circles around the churches is shattered from attic to floor, the dead number 200 (including fourteen nuns who were machine-gunned as they ran across a convent garden), and every wall is nicked with dozens of machine-gun bullets, it is blandly asserted that this is the work of a "Marxist mob" which does not exist in Viscaya province.

Evidence such as that at Durango is incontrovertible to all those who can visit the spot and have eyes to see. But a most important part of war-time propaganda is designed to hide all sorts of dangerous truths from those who must rely upon the printed word. In the persistent falsification of events, General Franco's press attachés have excelled since the beginning of the Spanish civil war. A crime like Guernica was needed to reveal these tactics in all their unprincipled ugliness, yet preceding examples of the rebels' prevaricative skill have been countless and most flagrant. In fact, they have been sufficiently so to provoke this statement from Mr. Hearst's star newsman, Karl von Wiegand, at Salamanca:

> As one of the last, perhaps the very last of the Old Guard of war correspondents [says von Wiegand], I thought I knew a lot about army general headquarters and about military censorships the world over. I am learning new aspects here. There are things I have learned or observed here at the GHQ of Generalissimo Franco that are a revelation to me. . . .

Could my friend Karl von Wiegand have had in mind the dispatch that he was compelled to send last March, explaining the disastrous defeat of four Italian divisions at Guadalajara as a temporary halt caused by an evil alliance between the "Reds" and "the gods of rain, snow and tumultuous wind"?

Edward Hunter, a former Hearst correspondent in Manchuria, Ethiopia and Spain, gives an acute explanation of why the rebels continue to get the breaks in the American press. "Whereas reporters among the government troops are able to move about fairly freely," he says, "those on the Insurgent side are restricted to escorted tours by the rebels. This gave the rebels the initial advantage, for they were able to keep secret what was happening at their front." In this fashion Franco's officers were able to conceal the mass execution of more than 3,000 peasants in the bullring of Badajoz until Jay Allen, an "unqualified" correspondent without rebel press credentials, slipped across the Portuguese border and reported what no other newspaperman had been permitted to see or to learn.

By all odds the most effective—and most unscrupulous—propaganda device being used consistently by insurgent "molders of public opinion" is that resorted to as a cloak for Guernica. The "Red horror" serves as an excuse for mass executions, the war on defenseless civilian populations or any kind of unspeakable opportunism. In the first months of the war, before the loyalist government obtained

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a considerable control over Anarchists (except in Catalonia) and criminal elements, a ghastly number of innocent persons undoubtedly were the victims of terrorism aptly described as "Red." Even so, the gross abuse of this favorite Franco publicity weapon cannot be denied.

Consider the case of Malaga, captured by Italian mercenaries on February 8. At that time General Franco announced that he had "saved Malaga for civilization," after finding the city "sacked and burned" but without a single body in the streets. He told the world that more than 5,000 Rightists had been killed in Malaga alone under the loyalist regime. A Hearst Universal Service dispatch, as of February 13, gave a long list of alleged atrocities, including the statement that "One Red boasted of having committed over 300 murders, Nationalist authorities in Malaga discovered. . . . Eight women, found guilty of Catholicism, were executed in their cell."

Beside these sweeping assertions should be placed the testimony of a conservative Englishman, Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, a Fellow of the Royal Society and a distinguished scientist, who remained in the midst of Malaga's "Red terror" from the outbreak of the war until mid-October. In a letter to The London Times, Sir Peter repudiated the wild stories of rebel propagandists with a detailed and objective statement based upon his own observation:

> After a rebel air raid in which people had been killed, prisoners were taken out and shot in the prison yard or in the cemetery. There was some pretense of selecting as victims persons more certainly guilty of sedition, but the choice was often casual. The civil government, ineffectively, and the Committee of Public Safety, more effectively, suppressed these crimes, but they were the worst things—the only really evil things—that happened in Malaga. On the closest estimate I can make there must have been some 500-odd such executions in Malaga *and* the province. But at least it may be pleaded that in Malaga they were fighting a rebellion. The crimes of the Right were the crimes of rebels.

General Franco's propagandist officers would have the world believe that more than 4,000 persons were killed by the "Reds" in Malaga alone between mid-October and February 8, during that period when anarchist crimes are admitted by American newsmen to have been suppressed to a minimum in loyalist Spain. There is good reason to believe that more persons were shot down by Franco's men in the Badajoz bullring in one week.

But the insurgent publicity strategy sweeps into the discard such authoritative witnesses as a British conservative scientist or the mute testimony of bomb holes in the roofs of the churches in Durango. The "Red terror" continues to be used as justification for every new crime, including the massacre in Guernica. As a Fascist dictator on the make, Franco has taken his cue from Mussolini and Hitler. After all, has it not already been shown that the most cold-blooded of lies pave the way to Fascist supremacy? If lying will do the trick, Franco will conquer.

LELAND STOWE.

The Progressive Guinea Pig[1]

KEITH has grown up. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Keith is twenty-one years old, about to be graduated from college, and so end the formal educational process to which he has been exposed for eighteen years. At this late date Keith has begun to wonder if the education is worth the $11,600 it has cost his parents.

When Keith entered the "baby group" of New York's leading progressive school in 1919 there was nothing in his equipment or background that should have prevented him from acquiring the best schooling pedagogy had to offer. His parents were both college graduates; his father, a rising young journalist earning enough money to provide his family with all they desired. His mother, with her interest focused on the problem of bringing up her child, was getting her master's degree at Teachers' College in kindergarten pedagogy. Keith himself was healthy and bright. In 1919 the intelligence test was the ultimate criterion of ability and Keith's IQ was about 150, putting him (in the curious terminology of the Terman grading) in the "genius" classification. Aside from the fact that he was an only child and suffered from a slight mother fixation ("Rosie Dear" was what he called his mother) Keith had no handicaps. He was progressive education's perfect guinea pig.

What the School Tried to Do.—The philosophy on which Keith's school was run went something like this: the fundamental tenet was that "education is growth." By "growth" was meant the acquisition of accurate knowledge, the development of desirable habits and the attainment of attitudes that would help the child to live happily and effectively. But the chief respect in which Keith's progressive school differed was that it recognized the child as an individual. The school realized it was just as important for him to learn to think and act for himself as it was for him to learn to coöperate with his group. It understood that no fixed formula could be applied to obtain for each child the fullest attain-

[1] Readers of The New Republic with long memories may recall that in our issue of May 12, 1926, we printed an article, "Ten-Year-Old," giving the portrait of a boy in an ultra-modern progressive private school. In this article, the subject of that sketch makes a further report on his progressive-school education, viewed from the standpoint of a Senior in college.—THE EDITORS.

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ment of his capabilities. In terms of classroom procedure this meant that Keith was allowed a great deal of freedom. When he wished to build with blocks he was allowed to do so. When he wanted to look at picture books that was all right too, even though everyone else in the class had turned to making ladders with hammers and nails and wood. More than that, Keith had only to express his interest in a project and his sympathetic teacher, bent upon giving his three-year-old individuality full expression, would provide the materials he needed.

In order to make the business of learning more interesting, the curriculum was centered around a "project." One did not simply learn the three R's, or the progress of invention and science. The class was set to work on a study of New York City, for example, as a center of world commerce. One learned to read in order to get at the facts that had already been catalogued. One learned to write in order to describe the impression the New York harbor created. Transportation, its development and its importance to commerce, became a part of the background that made the field trip to Staten Island understandable. Knowledge was a useful social tool.

In the process of study of this sort Keith was acquiring the four powers the school thought necessary to the completion of his education: the power to Know, the power to Do, the power to Think and the power to Feel. He should possess the important and useful knowledge of the past and present; he should "learn to do by doing"; he should be encouraged to think for himself, to substitute accurate knowledge and scientific evidence for misinformation and biased opinions; he should be filled with the right attitudes and feelings: tolerance, kindliness, honesty, fair play and loyalty.

Heavy, Heavy, Hangs over His Head.—Keith took to the school's project program like a duck to water. For the seven impressionable years from three to ten he throve on the diet of work and play that was offered him. It took him a long time to learn to read, but when he did grasp the technique he was soon leading the class in reading aloud. He wrote stories and painted pictures and acted parts in the school plays, and in the sixth grade was elected president of the student governing body. As far as anyone could see, the guinea pig's reaction to the experiment was an unqualified success.

With the seventh grade, Keith ran into an entirely new environment. His school was divided into two parts. From the sixth grade through high school the boys and girls were separated and the sympathetic atmosphere of the project method was displaced in the boy's school by a new formality. Theories of freedom and individual expression are all very well (spoke the upper school), but shortly all of you boys are going to be marched through the grading machine of the College Board examinations, and what is wanted there is conformity, not individualism. To them, knowing your solid-geometry theorem is far more important than being able to appreciate a Bach French Suite. And so, with the sword of the College Boards hanging over their heads, a majority of the upper-school boys (some from progressive schools, some from public schools and some from ordinary private schools) buckled down to the solemn task at hand.

Not Keith, however. He wanted no part of the new atmosphere. In the first place it hurt his ego to stop being a leader in the lower school and become simply a first-former who wasn't very good at mathematics. In the second place, Keith's parents (who hadn't been properly impressed by the overwhelming importance of the College Boards) were more or less on the side of Keith's rebellion. They said they didn't care if he neglected his homework. They said that it was his attitude that counted more than anything else. So Keith muddled along through six years of the upper school, doing a minimum of work, making a barely satisfactory record, and hating every minute of it. Keith balked at the process of getting educated, but his school did its job with high efficiency. It got him through his College Boards and into the college of his first choice, even though it had thrown cold water on whatever creative spark Keith may have brought with him.

College was much better, as far as Keith was concerned, than high school had been. The freedom that he demanded was restored to him. He was once again at liberty to pursue his individualistic way, this time through the maze of the enormous university. He sang lustily in the glee club, he wrote for the college papers, he wrote a couple of magazine articles, and he was elected president of the college Liberal Club. Still he failed to work. He scraped along through his courses, flunking the ones he didn't like or that required too much study, getting A's in the occasional ones he enjoyed. He ignored most of the opportunities his college had to offer in the way of getting an education.

As a college senior, looking back with regret upon the enormous number of chances he had passed up, Keith tried to figure out just exactly what it had been that had made him fail. If his elementary and preparatory schooling had provided him with the tools he needed, why had he not assimilated a larger proportion of the expensive college education he had been offered? Was it just laziness? Or had some elements in his preparation been left out?

The Power to Know.—"Each child should possess the worthwhile knowledge of the past and of the present," the school had said. Keith was well informed, but in a most superficial way. He knew a little bit about every subject, but his knowledge was thin and spectacular; conversational knowledge above all else. He knew, for example, the figures for the gross sales of Sears, Roebuck in 1935, could spell the name of the generalissimo of Poland, could descibe in layman's terms the workings of the Rust cotton picker, had read enough Proust to talk authoritatively about it, and enough Chamberlain to expound the theory of Value under Monopolistic

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Competition. He read The New York Times carefully every morning and picked up scraps of "inside" information from trade journals such as Tide, Printers' Ink and Variety.

As a result of dipping into a host of subjects Keith could talk comfortably with almost anyone. Usually he had something to say when his classmates who studied while he read the daily papers were silent. Keith would bang off some likely remark about the strategy of the Tampa convention of the A.F. of L. while his friends, who might know all the facts about the history of the South American nations or the plays of Seneca, were forced to be silent. You might write this phenomenon off to the fact that Keith was just made that way, but you would be wrong. At a table in the college dining hall you could pick out by the tenor of their conversation the boys who like Keith had gone to progressive schools from those who had gone to more orthodox institutions. Not all of the progressively educated boys had missed as many of their opportunities as Keith had. There were some who, perhaps because their parents had insisted upon diligent work in school and at home all through junior high and high school, were firmly entrenched in the "work habit." Even so, most of the boys from progressive schools fitted pretty well into a single pattern. They did as little work as possible; they were interested in a great variety of subjects, but their interests led to almost no achievement.

The Power to Do.—"The school subscribes to the philosophy of 'learning to do by doing.' It believes that the educative process is an active, not a passive one. It believes that the interests of children are powerful incentives to learning and that one of the principal functions of a teacher is to guide these interests and help create new ones." It seemed to Keith, as he thought back upon it, that this was the tool he lacked—the power to Do. He was filled with a multitude of interests. There were skills he would have liked to possess. He had, for example, a good deal of musical ability and a real desire to play the piano, but he failed to make much out of the music lessons his family provided for him. He would practise hard for perhaps a week at a time. Then his interest would slump and with it all his firm resolution. Nevertheless, he possessed a good measure of intellectual curiosity. He was more interested in economics than dancing, in literature than the movies, but nobody had ever taught him how to begin a job with enthusiasm and finish strong.

The Power to Think.—"The Child," said the school, "should be encouraged to think for himself upon the basis of scientific evidence. He should learn to substitute knowledge and scientific evidence for prejudice and guessing, and to form well balanced opinions. He should be trained to think about the things which are important in everyday life and in the society of which he is a part." Keith could think all right, but he did his best to avoid it. His attitude was destructive, critical. In a conversation he usually remained quiet until someone else had put forth his ideas and then Keith would delight in breaking down the whole structure with a wisecrack or a *reductio ad absurdum*. Seldom would he offer positive ideas of his own. He understood with some clarity his own shortcomings and was disturbed by them, but he couldn't figure out just what he would have liked to adopt in the place of his dillettantism.

The Power to Feel.—In this department the school has done its best job. It tried to fill Keith with attitudes ("attitudes and feelings are the mainsprings of human action") of tolerance, kindliness, honesty, fair play, loyalty and affection. Keith possesses all of these. His attitude is surprisingly mature for his age (Keith's father is constantly remarking that at the same age he was not nearly so grown up). Keith understands the motives of people, and if they are vicious he tries to find out why before he condemns. If they are generous he is appreciative. He is scrupulously honest, even about his golf score when he is playing alone. He is loyal and affectionate in an undemonstrative way to the people and institutions and ideas he admires.

On the whole the school has done a good job for Keith in preparing him to suffer the blows of the world with a minimum of discomfort. It has helped him develop a shell of rationalization that will certainly stand him in good stead when some real misfortune hits him. Satisfactory attitudes, however, are only one of the ends at which the school aimed. It tried to equip him for a complete education and yet it is doubtful that Keith will ever possess even two-thirds of the real knowledge he might have acquired, for example, at an English public school.

Just because Keith is now twenty-one and uneducated it would be unfair to say that the philosophy of the progressive school was wrong. First it would be a mistake to condemn on the evidence that Keith, as a single product of progressive education, has to offer. A good case may be made for the thesis that it was not the progressive elementary school that must take the blame for Keith, but the orthodox secondary school, shackled by the demands of the College Boards. Without twin Keiths we have no control for our experiment. What would he have been like if he had gone to a school in which strict discipline had been the keynote? What would he have been like if his secondary as well as his elementary training had been progressive?

All of the best acquired characteristics Keith possesses can be traced to the development of his first ten years. On this basis it is fair to say that for him progressive education was on the right track. Its philosophy needs modification, not scrapping. Future Keiths need similar attitudes, similar creative urges and a similar variety of interests, but if they are to make the most of the opportunities life has to offer they must also be able to do a job and do it well.

KEITH, G. P.

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Washington Notes

Are Four Justices Ready to Retire?—The Wages and Hours Bill Threatens Trouble—The Chamber of Commerce Goes into a Huddle

THREE weeks ago, in these Notes, mention was made of a rumor that two Supreme Court Justices were prepared to retire if Mr. Roosevelt would drop his Court reorganization plan. This rumor has now taken on a more tangible form. It can be definitely stated that one of the Justices of the Court has informed members of Congress that, in his opinion, not two—but four—of his colleagues are ready to step down. These four are Justices Brandeis, Van Devanter, McReynolds and Sutherland, the four oldest in both years and service. Furthermore, the three reactionaries, Justices Van Devanter, McReynolds and Sutherland, do not demand a complete surrender on Mr. Roosevelt's part. They would be willing, for example, to have Mr. Roosevelt propose a constitutional amendment providing for the retirement of all future Justices at seventy-five. Almost any legislation exempting sitting members of the Court would satisfy them. They could then retire seemingly of their own sweet will, instead of under what they conceive to be a threat from the White House.

It is hard to say whether anything will come of this curious offer. Apparently Justices Van Devanter, McReynolds and Sutherland do not trust Mr. Roosevelt, and it would not be surprising if he mistrusted them. Probably what the situation calls for is a super-tsar over the whole government, with powers analogous to those of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis over baseball, or Mr. Will H. Hays over the movies. If Mr. Roosevelt knew that a super-tsar existed who could send the reactionary Justices back to the federal circuit courts if they failed to fulfill their half of the agreement, he might more readily abandon his reorganization fight. Similarly, if the reactionary Justices knew that there was a super-tsar with power to demote Mr. Roosevelt to the governorship of Puerto Rico, they might more willingly pledge themselves to retirement in advance. But, since no such authoritative mediator exists, a deal will be difficult to arrange.

The administration's wages-and-hours bill has finally been perfected, and Mr. Roosevelt is being implored to submit it to Congress without waiting for the Supreme Court conflict to be settled. However, the more long-headed of the New Deal strategists advise holding back. Now that they have had time to think the problem over, they suspect that it will precipitate the greatest sectional fight since the Civil War. According to report, the bill will be restricted to industries clearly in interstate commerce, as defined by the Supreme Court in the National Labor Relations Board cases. It will not touch the badly paid service trades of the North. Almost exclusively, its weight will fall on Southern manufacturers for the national market, and the Southern representatives in Congress may be expected to oppose it as a bloc.

Under the lamented NRA, the greatest headaches arose from the Southern differential, so-called, in minimum-wage rates. The migration of industry to the South, lured by 25-cent-an-hour wages, is a political question of the most explosive kind. In the North, particularly New England, whole communities have been devastated, almost as if by war, by the departure of their factories. On the other hand, there are sections of the South—around Birmingham, Alabama, for example—that are in the throes of an intoxicating boom. The clash of sectional economic interests was bitter enough under the NRA; it is likely to rock the Union under a national wages-and-hours law. Southern chambers of commerce will oppose such a law with the ferocity of alligators. As matters stand now, the Senators and Representatives of the South are being held to the President's Supreme Court plan only with the greatest difficulty. To ask them simultaneously to support a national wages-and-hours law is probably to ask more than human flesh is capable of.

One faction of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers, accordingly, would like to wait until the conclusion of Mr. Sidney Hillman's drive to organize the Southern textile industry, meantime giving Mr. Hillman whatever aid is possible. On behalf of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee, Mr. Hillman has already negotiated an agreement with the giant Viscose Corporation in which he succeeded in persuading the Corporation to accept an identical wage scale for its Northern and Southern plants. This achievement has greatly impressed Mr. Roosevelt's advisers. They believe it is much better than anything that the government could accomplish at present through legislation.

The widely circulated announcement that the new president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Mr. George H. Davis, was chosen because of his sympathy for the New Deal, and particularly because of his friendship for Secretary Wallace, has disconcerted the administration. Back in 1933, Mr. Davis, the operator of a grain terminal in Kansas City, was frequently consulted by Mr. George H. Peek, then administrator of the AAA, and he is supposed to have nominated various officials in the AAA's grain-marketing division. Since the AAA was supposed to represent the farmers, and not the middlemen, this was a point of grievance with the AAA radicals, and the whole episode is one that the administration would now like to forget.

Persons familiar with the interior workings of the United States Chamber of Commerce say there was no significance, either pro-New Deal or anti-New Deal, in Mr. Davis' election. He has long been an officer of the Chamber, and, when Mr. Harper Sibley declined to stand for reëlection, he was the next choice. At the Chamber's recent meeting, according to this same informant, the members seemed stunned by the Supreme Court's decisions in the National Labor Relations Board cases. There was no more thought of fighting Mr. Roosevelt than there would be of Haiti's declaring a naval blockade of the United States. While, in principle, the members of the Chamber were almost unanimously against the Supreme Court reorganization plan, most of them also seemed to feel that Mr. Justice Roberts had dealt them a peculiarly incomprehensible, underhanded sock in the eye. There was considerable private discussion of ways of amending the National Labor Relations act to make it "fairer" to employers, but the wiser members pointed out that there was not the faintest chance of putting such amendments

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through the present Congress. A proposal to have members of the Chamber work quietly for state laws compelling not the incorporation, but merely the registration, of labor unions found approval. No one seemed able to explain what registration in itself would accomplish, but there was a feeling that it might later on be expanded into something useful to employers.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

On the Desirability of Sticking to One's Own Business—That Goes for Judges, Too—Judge Manton and Mr. Justice Van Devanter

MR. SAMUEL UNGERLEIDER is a stockbroker. And last week he delivered himself before the Securities and Exchange Commission of a very sage observation. Mr. Ungerleider had organized an investment trust—the Ungerleider Financial Corporation. And in the management of it he made such a mess of matters that he was compelled to describe it all as a "sad experience." At the end of his testimony he uttered, a little lugubriously, the following important scrap of wisdom. "Brokerage firms," he said, "should confine their activities to their own business."

Now this profound utterance takes its importance from the fact that it applies not only to brokerage firms but pretty nearly to everybody. Above all, I should think it applies to judges. And, as it so happens, this principle of action was wrung from Mr. Ungerleider by an odd circumstance in connection with a little transaction with no less a person than a federal judge, who, apparently, did not stick any too closely to the judge business.

After all, it is now fairly well recognized that judges have their varying brands of social philosophy. And it is fairly clear to the world now that this social philosophy of the judge gets into his decisions. And it is only too painfully clear that these decisions get into the social life of the people, frequently to their great damage.

I do not quite see what is to be done about it save to take some precautions to ensure that the judge's social philosophy shall originate in good quarters; that the judge himself shall keep his interests and his emotions as far as possible from stimulating this social philosophy of his to taking too active a part in his judging.

Also there are acts of a judge that belong in the realm of high discretion. Before this I have called attention to the vast powers assumed by judges in receiverships. Because in a great city like New York, for instance, vast and powerful financial corporations find themselves stumbling, wounded, into the federal courts, it would be, I venture to suggest, an excellent thing if Congress attempted, as far as it can, to keep federal judges from becoming too much infected with the practices, philosophy, ethics and points of view of the gentlemen who operate such corporations.

To put the matter a little differently, a federal judge ought not to be engaged in another business. He should not be permitted to be a bank president or a stockbroker while he is a federal judge. And I suggest that he should not be permitted to be the customer of a stockbroker. It is not healthy to have the man who sits in such important cases getting his mind mixed up with the affairs and practices and stratagems and ethical standards of the Street. Judges, as Mr. Chief Justice Hughes has said, do read the newspapers. But I should think it would be an excellent thing if they could bring themselves to omit too intensive a scrutiny of the financial tables. The President recently told all federal employees that they should not speculate, and I think he went so far as to ask an official to take some steps to stop them. Certainly no federal official should be more bound to heed such advice than a federal judge.

Now to tie up these stray lucubrations with Mr. Ungerleider and his corporation. It lost a good deal of money. It was an investment trust supposed to be putting the money of its confiding investors into sound situations. Instead Mr. Ungerleider made several large personal loans to prominent men just before the crash. The loans were not paid in full and the trust suffered. One of these loans was a large sum to Judge Martin T. Manton, of the federal circuit court in New York, or to companies in which he was interested, on his guarantee. One loan was for $345,000. In settlement of the loan Judge Manton turned over to the investment trust a lot of stock in the Cellulose Company—3,612 shares—which the Judge contracted to buy back at $100 a share. The Judge found he couldn't buy it back at that price, so he bought it back at $125,000 and the investment trust took a loss of $236,000. A pretty nice loss to sustain on a judge. One wonders why a judge should be in such transactions that he finds himself borrowing a third of a million dollars from an investment trust. Perhaps it is fair to say at least this, that the judge engaged in such transactions is not acting with wisdom.

It is not the first time Judge Manton has acted so. Back in 1933 Judge Manton was involved in a quarrel with some of his brother judges. In a receivership proceeding involving the New York IRT, he assigned himself to the case, ignoring a rule made by the district judges forbidding that. He appointed receivers of his own choice. A district court in a proceeding held that he was without power so to act. The matter went to the Supreme Court. The decision was rendered by Mr. Justice Van Devanter, hardly a dangerous Red. The Justice held that Judge Manton had the power to do what he did. But he observed:

> The principle of power is one thing. The propriety of its exercise is quite a different thing. . . . Had he reflected he probably would have made no such assignment, but he acted hastily and evidently with questionable wisdom. This action has embarrassed and is embarrassing the receivership. If he were now to withdraw from further participation in the receivership proceedings the embarrassment would be relieved and the belief is ventured here that on further reflection he will recognize the propriety of so doing and by withdrawing will open the way for another judge with appropriate authority to conduct the further proceedings.

These are the words of Mr. Justice Van Devanter. May they not be applied to the security activities of the Judge with equal force? Ought not Congress, if it has the power, to lay down some statutory rules of conduct for judges who cannot see these delicate nuances of conduct for themselves? JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Massa's in Cold, Cold Ground

SOME MONTHS ago, I received from its author, Mrs. Evelyn Foster Morneweck, a copy of a pamphlet called "The Birthplace of Stephen C. Foster as Recorded by His Father, Mother and Brother, and Other Contemporary Authorities." This pamphlet suggested the possibility of so many human interests that I have often been led to think of writing about it, but seemed to find no happy occasion. And now recently Mr. Bruce Bliven, my distinguished colleague, as they say, has written a visiting article about Greenfield Village, and Mr. Ford's exhibitions and preservations there. And when among these the house where Foster was born turns up, the pamphlet begins almost to write about itself.

We might say, I suppose, that Greenfield Village did start off as a private hobby of Mr. Ford's, but certainly now it is one of the largest and most astute and solemn adjuncts of any advertising department in the world. Not only through the 400,000 and more tourists annually does this work. The entrée for historical-cultural-informational articles out of Greenfield Village into magazines and newspapers of every level is guaranteed. The Foster "birthplace" makes just one more item.

The children of Morrison Foster, a brother of Stephen's have seen their father's memories of the actual Foster house and his identification of it set aside ruthlessly; but maintain that they do not fight this case in order to expose Mr. Ford's historical ignorance or because of a mistake over an old building, such mistakes being trivial and, as a rule, in a few years cleared up. They were thrown into this fight by finding out the control of the daily press, the methods employed to suppress certain evidence, or to obtain confirmations and proofs, and the pious use of the Foster "birthplace" and his memory for all they are worth as publicity. I daresay, nevertheless, the spirit of Morrison Foster's daughter, author of the pamphlet, has not been sweetened by such facts as that when she sent it to a certain editor in whose pages had appeared an article about the Foster "birthplace" at Greenfield Village, he wrote her in reply that he knew its claims were false but could not see that "any good purpose would be served" by publishing in his magazine a correction, and another editor said fake yes, but he did not care to bring the Ford Motor Company down on his neck. Nor does she relish, perhaps, the picture of thousands of students and school children being piloted every year through historic Greenfield Village and shown the "Birthplace of Stephen C. Foster."

On July 4, 1935, Mr. Henry Ford dedicated a cottage in his Early American exhibition, Greenfield Village, as "the birthplace of Stephen C. Foster," the celebrated American composer of "Swanee River," "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home" and many other melodies universally beloved. Mr. Ford was assisted in his dedication by various speakers, Foster kin, the Columbia Broadcasting System and the newspapers of the nation. The old house, bought but at once shown to be so patently not authentic, might very prettily have been added to the exhibition as a "Memorial" to Foster. But no, Mr. Ford's radio announcer, Mr. Truman Bradley, declared that it was "not a reproduction but the actual little White Cottage in which Stephen C. Foster was born." A booklet in blue and gold, the history of "Stephen Foster and the White Cottage," was presented that day to each invited guest.

While the purchase of this little cottage that people had begun to speak of as Foster's birthplace was under way, Mr. Ford and his agents began, naturally, to receive objections and denials. There remained also the fact that the house of the Fosters, torn down and finally rebuilt (1835) in another form and material, had been bought twenty years before, in 1915, by the late James H. Park of Pittsburgh and given to the city as the Stephen C. Foster Memorial Home. Numerous affidavits, recollections and letters were carefully obtained by Mr. Ford's agents, and these have been played up to the full. Meantime, the cottage was removed to Greenfield Village and set up again, restored, as the booklet says, to its original condition, the dormer-window left off and, "the roof restored as the earliest picture of the house showed it to be." For some reason, though, the booklet omits one item that had appeared a few days before in the press:

> He [Henry Ford] came to Pittsburgh several times while the house was being dismantled. On one of these trips, he found an old silver flute that had belonged to Foster in a niche in one of the walls.
>
> Knowing that the flute was Foster's favorite childhood instrument, Mr. Ford was as pleased with this discovery as Foster doubtless was when the flute was first bought for him.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Ford's experts might have found by the records of Allegheny County that even if this Toman-Ford house had been the house where Stephen was born on July 4, 1826, his parents something like eighteen months later moved from their first home.

Mrs. Morneweck's copious data set forth that the house Mr. Ford bought was the old Toman Homestead, built two years or more after Stephen Foster was born. The Foster house was built in 1814, by William B. Foster, the composer's father. In recorded deeds of sale, et cetera, the pamphlet seems notably complete. There are nine maps reproduced of Lawrenceville, beginning with 1814, in which the Foster property is shown, the location of the Foster place, and of the spring on it with its stream through the ravine to the river. The diaries, letters and other writings of the composer's mother and of Morrison Foster, his brother, mention the elevated situation of the house, the ravine, the spring-house, the drive from the gate. None of these details in any sense fits the old Toman-Ford house. When in 1900 the Catholic Parish of St. John the Baptist, as owner of the old Toman property, wished to erect a new parish building on the site, protests arose at such a threat to the "birthplace of Stephen C. Foster." When, next year, an old lady, who in her young days had been a neighbor and frequent visitor at the Fosters', sent word that these protests were wholly mistaken, the parish priest called in Morrison Foster, at that time living in the nearby town of Allegheny. He was then seventy-eight, but did not have to be "brought" or "taken" there, as certain reports have it, because of "his advanced age"; he rode over to Pittsburgh almost every day in the pursuit of his affairs. Mrs. Morneweck was thirteen at the time and remembers his account of locating exactly the old site by the spring-house, where the ceiling still bore some of the remembered

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marks. The papers of Philadelphia of the day published this story on March 22, 1901, and the priest accepted the decision without question. It was not a case of mere childhood recalling; for one of Morrison Foster's early diaries (1843) says, "In company with Brother Henry, visited the house I was born in in Lawrenceville." At that time he was twenty years old and Henry twenty-two.

To cap all this, there is a painting, done in 1828 and always in the possession of the family, that shows the Foster house as it was. As to the cottage now in Greenfield Village, compared with the house in this painting, there are very distinct differences in doors, windows, panels and fanlights, though these might conceivably have been changed in the course of time. Its roof, however, has not been "restored as the earliest picture of the house showed it to be," but is something quite different from that in the painting. And the chimneys in the two houses have entirely different places. Those of the Foster house in the painting are on the inside walls separating the chambers from the center hall. Those in the Toman-Ford house are against the two end walls—the "weather ends"—of the house. In so modest a cottage, it is unlikely that the two chimneys, with all the structural alterations involved, would have been pulled down and moved.

The pamphlet in a very few pages knocks the whole business into a cocked hat; but there is in it a great deal otherwise, meaty and American, sometimes charming, or rich with characters, sometimes not only outrageous but ominous. The more I think of it, the more it seems to me a deadly and concrete social document.

And there are divers such jolly revelations, or self-portraits, as these: When the painting of White Cottage was shown Mr. Ford's chief purchasing agent, Mr. Charles T. Newton, and the fact pointed out that the topography and the spring-house agreed with all the records and diaries, whereas the Toman-Ford site agreed with none of them, he is quoted as saying, "You can't prove anything by a painting. The artist probably painted in a large front lawn and driveway just to make a pretty picture. You know how artists do!" When the title examiners employed by Mr. Ford, having stated that William B. Foster, in conveying his property to the bank, "reserved lots 6 and 7 because his house stood on them"—this was the site of the house Mr. Ford bought—were unable to show Mrs. Morneweck any records for this statement, they remarked, she says, "It stands to reason that William B. Foster would have built his house down at the Forks of the Road, not up around the bend, because the lots were more valuable down at the Forks, being business frontage." When the fact that Morrison Foster had identified the McKee mansion as the Foster site was brought to Mr. Newton's attention, he said, "Probably your father was a good friend of old Mrs. McKee's and said her house was the Foster birthplace so that she could get a better price for her place."

Mrs. Morneweck, having reduced the whole Ford defense to an obstinate, bullying absurdity, turns, in a concluding sentence, to regret that a shade of doubt should be thus cast on the authentic site of the White Cottage and the Memorial there, given so unostentatiously to the city years ago and out of so genuine a love for Stephen Foster.

STARK YOUNG.

The New and the Old

"A STAR IS BORN" is a good picture and the first color job that gets close to what screen color must eventually come to: it keeps the thing in its place, underlining the mood and situation of the story rather than dimming everything else out in an iridescent razzle-dazzle. The boarding house is drab and the sanitarium is severe and quiet and when it comes to the splendors of Hollywood money the sets have a rich but subdued luster (done, I suspect, by featuring natural-wood finishes and dull metals and by having a pretty good taste in browns and pastels). And if the outdoors looks a little parky, that is not a fault but Beverly Hills—though it is still true that where outdoors is not landscaped, the color cameras still need adjustment to make up for the sensitive compensating apparatus of the human retina: they are still too bold and brilliant.

On interiors, technicians are learning fast that colors must be softened down a few shades from what you would see in actual life, if they are to seem like it. The floodlighting necessary to bring out all details for an audience will create a gorgeous unreality that the movies can't pass off as the stage does—by telling people it is Illusion, Pure Theatre, what not, and making them like it. To illustrate what they're up against, take a room in your house, clean it all up, flood it with about 10,000 watts of arc lamps, and then look in at it through the window. Why it isn't livable, never happened, Hollywood tinsel, etc. Then in addition, what we call "natural" color is only a part of what is always there; when an exact mechanical register picks up all the things we don't see or cancel out in the phenomenon of perspective or pass over in the unconscious shifting of focus, it becomes unnatural. There is no tail to the camera eye; within the frame everything is seen and nothing is half-seen; and if this is a difficulty in ordinary film, in color it is the very devil.

Anyway, Janet Gaynor (well cast as Flossie from the Farm) makes her way star-struck to the Coast, almost starves and then catches the eye of Frederic March, the reigning favorite on a bender. As you expected, she becomes his wife and America's sweetheart overnight; as you did not, he begins at this point to die at the box office, and it shifts to the rather grim picture of a man going to pieces, sinking fast as the fair-weather rats desert in boatloads, and nothing left for him but to be Mr. Janet Gaynor and hit the bottle a little harder, if possible. He might for love of his wife have pulled out of it after they'd taken the bottle away and locked him up; but he got worse again, and when she got him out of police court one night he sobered up for good and walked out to sea.

For about the first time, the mechanics of the industry are worked in with thorough coverage: fan-magazine gossips, preemeers, the struggle of extras the splendid pampered way of stars, the shot-in-the-dark making of a star with cosmetics and lighting and gowning and naming and shameless press agents. And all done with a sense of the actual hardness and fabulous confusion—as for example in the mild burlesque of the screen-test scene, which is a little orchestra of strange hustling sounds and motions in itself. But this is more in the way of the story's atmosphere than of its point. Hollywood only forms the background for the familiar picture of a man on the skids—not demoralized by

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anything peculiar to the industry, but by himself and a public captiousness and careless cruelty that is as old as old. With the exception of Lionel Stander, who is made to carry all the personal opprobrium, everybody has a heart of gold.

The main part of the film is written (original by Director William Wellman; adaptation, Dorothy Parker) with such edge, charity, old knowledge, feeling; the support is so dependable (Menjou, Stander, Andy Devine, Edgar Kennedy) and the direction so firm through comedy and pathos, that the whole body can turn some pretty ancient corners and climb several very rocky hills of difficult emotion and stridency, and not leave the ground or jar loose or falter in its momentum. That goes for the main part, where Mr. March studies and commands the characteristics of a figure whose weakness shows in the midst of his time of charm and phony glory, and whose broken humiliation in the last stages yet manages some of the dignity and strength that mortality will sometimes find even in humiliation and the fruits of weakness, and fly like a banner—Fredric March carried that part beautifully.

The beginning and end seem tacked on, simply vague and poor writing: the story really starts when Miss Gaynor arrives at Grauman's Chinese and ends where Mr. March turns at the door before going for his "swim" and says again the line planted way back in the bright beginning, "Do you mind if I . . . take one more look?" Let the camera follow him through the door toward the water for half a minute, then dissolve to the open sea and hold that as the music comes up. If it must be driven home, let the water shot fade slowly and just come back to Miss Gaynor, arriving at another preemeer in smart mourning, and her knees buckle suddenly as she catches sight of the first marvel she saw there, the name and the imprint in the cement of the walk: Fredric March. With the people gaping and crushing and the autograph collectors all around in their weird frenzy, I daresay you could write End of Picture then and not lose a drop of what meaning was already there.

"The Last Night" is a fine picture, though in an established groove. It concerns a whole Russian family, called to the Red colors in the fall days of 1917. There is the "Kronstadt" sailor-and-commissar relationship; there is a family of Whites from a source we might call Passim.; there is the fighting mother from "1905" (a beautiful part here, played with the quality of endearment which comes from the joined qualities of laughter and tears); and there are snatches of character and speech that come straight from the delightful source material of Zostchenko—especially the salesman, who is a fat triumph of humor, and the father, who is human and funny and grand. The mass movement is thrilling stuff, but more or less secondary to the human element—in searching out and presenting which the Russians are second to no one on earth. For just one example, take the awkward touching beauty of that fade-out, where the troops are pounding off out of the square and the little mother of them all is hurrying to catch up, all hustle, fire, petticoats and poor tired old feet. The sound track, lighting and development harass eye and ear with an inadequacy that is almost a tradition; the title-writing is the best job I recall seeing; and the story of the Revolutionary Passion is as clear and fresh again as though it had never been told.

OTIS FERGUSON.

In the Adolescent's World

SHOULD you have forgotten the feeling of your early teens; should by chance that charming and pathetic creature, the adolescent, be somewhat a stranger to you: attendance at the performance of "The Second Hurricane" would have caused these realities to emerge freshly and truthfully into your consciousness.

The little play-opera—libretto by Edwin Denby, music by Aaron Copland—is about youngsters. With symbols which may not appear unprophetic to alert minds, it represents an episode in the lives of a group of contemporary children between the ages of eight and seventeen years. Drawn from their high school to assist sufferers from a recent hurricane and flood; exposed by accident alone on a rise of ground in a waste country by a great river, they more or less singly endure a second hurricane; and then, discovering the goodness of sociality, chant an American Revolutionary song, and return, banded together, to their school-benches. And, about adolescents, the little work is written for performance by them, and exploits their naïve quality. Like the "Jasager" of Kurt Weill, it actually is designed for use in high schools. The solo, choral and instrumental numbers are simply composed, couched to an extent in the contemporary jazz idiom, and present no obstacles to amateur musicians. The action requires no scenery. The creation of the illusions of time and place is left, as in the Japanese theatre, to the actor and the illumination. During the premières at the Neighborhood Playhouse—they were under the auspices of the Henry Street Settlement and directed by Orson Welles—the stage-sets were constituted by an opposing pair of grandstands, which accommodated the choruses from the Seward Park High School and the Settlement's Music School; and by a connecting bridge where, under the direction of Lehman Engel, sat an orchestra of twenty.

And with these simple means, "The Second Hurricane" exhibits—all indirectly and unsentimentally enough—something of the essence of the adolescent; in particular his craving for society in the word's first meaning. We had thought that essence "the spring" in Wedekind's sense. But through the young protagonists of the small play-opera, we recover and recognize much of arrogance, or ambition, but over and above all, a solitude, a feeling of separation from a home somewhere in the past, a sense of being lost, a desire for companionship that has pure sociality at its base and is fulfilled by the experience of solidarity. Sociality—that definitely is the kernel of the nut; and for this truth, we have to thank the librettist and, to an even greater degree, the composer, who has given tensity to the little dramatic situations and significance to the natural words. Copland's clean-cut, refreshingly unhackneyed, in instances magnificently sonorous little score, is remarkable for the delicacy with which it voices the social feeling pervading them, and the very quality of the adolescent. Pregnant with his typical young wistfulness and delight, the lightly syncopated, lightly orchestrated little songs of "Gip" and "Fat" and "Queenie" add a note, distinctive, in all its slightness, to musical experience. Indeed, the entire score is eloquent of a clear sympathy for youth on every one of its pages: a sympathy certainly not at all extraor-

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dinary in the Artist, particularly the Musician. For the Artist and the Musician like the adolescent is a charming and part useless creature. He too has had helplessly to endure a Hurricane and a Flood. And his yearnings too are for Society. For out of what vortex does music come, if not out of a feeling of sociality, a sense of a common experience and a human solidarity?

PAUL ROSENFELD.

The Bandwagon

"Voting to declare war was the proudest act of my life; I am prouder of it every year."—*Senator Sheppard, quoted in an A.P. dispatch published in The New York Post.*

In Buffalo recently, Margaret Sanger made the statement that 60 percent of large families die. If so, why worry about birth control? Does not this fact, if it be true, prove that God can govern this imperfect universe very well without the aid of her and her followers who would begrudge to others what God bestowed upon them?—*From a letter signed Reverend Daniel J. Quigley, appearing in The El Paso, Tex., Times.*

The German press has been forced to take notice of the storms of applause interrupting every performance of Schiller's drama "Don Carlos" here and throughout Germany at the passage in which the Marquis Posa demands of King Philip of Spain: "Sire, give us freedom of thought" . . .

The role of the Marquis is played by Ewald Balser, and the Völkischer Beobachter, the official Nazi newspaper, has attributed the applause to his skillful acting.—*Berlin dispatch to The New York Times.*

LET THEM GO BACK WHERE WE CAME FROM

At a meeting of the German-American Bund at the New York Turnhall, Lexington Avenue and 85th Street . . . Fritz J. Kuhn, national leader of the Amerika-Deutscher Volksbund, attacking the Mayor, said: "We will fight like our forefathers for this country. If LaGuardia and others don't like us they can go out of the country. We don't need them here."—*From a news item in The New York Herald Tribune.*

SUCH AS DICKSTEIN?

Communist influences are backing the sit-down strikes. Only three or four of the sit-down strike leaders have American names.—*Rep. Taylor (R., Tenn.) in a speech arguing for passage of the Dickstein Resolution, quoted in The New York American.*

TAKE A LETTER

And so Christ went on steadfastly fulfilling his purpose until the last day when he cried out in agony from the cross quote it is finished end of quote.—*Transcription of an address broadcast over Station WWJ at a noonday Lenten Service conducted by the Detroit Council of Churches.*

UP-THE-REBELS DEPARTMENT

For trickery of millinery consider the hat worn by Mrs. Marion Hughes Whitehead Pierce, who had five fresh gardenias pinned on the back of her hat. Wherever these became a little windblown or in any way imperfect, a special flower girl who followed close by whipped out five fresh ones, tossed the faded five into the nearest gutter, and tacked on the new lot.—*From a news item in The New York Post.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

PWA's Low-Cost Housing

SIR: My attention has been called to an article under the heading "Washington Notes" in The New Republic for April 21, 1937. In the interest of accurate reporting I feel sure you will appreciate the following correction of a statement quoted from this article.

"Rent for the PWA's Harlem River House in New York City, according to a recent announcement, will be set at $7 per room per month, plus a fairly stiff charge for heat, hot water, electricity and gas."

Our announcement stated specifically that the rent of $7 per room per month included both heat and hot water. The additional charge for gas and electricity is $1.42 per room per month. For the average family this means a combined bill for these services of approximately $5 per month. I think you will find that low-income families in Harlem pay as much as this for ice, gas and light, and must in addition purchase their own range and ice box, which are supplied by PWA in this charge.

Rents without heat and hot water are $5.88 per room per month, which compares favorably with those charged in even the sorriest old-law tenements.

H. A. GRAY, Director of Housing,
Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works.
Washington, D. C.

Trotsky and the Russian Trials

SIR: In his lengthy review of "The Case of the Anti-Soviet Center" [The New Republic, April 7], Malcolm Cowley somehow overlooked what seems to me, after reading the book, the crucial problem. That a conspiracy of some sort was going on and that most, if not all, of the defendants were involved—this Mr. Cowley is at great pains to demonstrate, and this, I think, becomes quite plain to any one who reads the testimony. But the important question, I suggest, is not: Were the defendants guilty? but rather: Of what, precisely, were they guilty? Radicals outside the USSR should be more vitally concerned with the political meaning, the ideological background, of these acts of terrorism than with the acts themselves. In this connection, two questions pose themselves. Is Trotsky implicated? And is fascism the logical outcome of Trotsky's political theories?

It is these questions which the Moscow trials seem specially designed to answer, and it is precisely these questions to which the answers are least satisfactory. Mr. Cowley scarcely seems aware that it is important they should be answered. After showing in detail that much of the testimony rings true, he continues: "But there are other points in the indictment which seem less firmly established." These "other points" so casually introduced turn out to be all the major points, namely, the charges of counter-revolution and fascist conspiracy and the testimony implicating Trotsky. "On these points," Mr. Cowley writes, "I think we must suspend our judgment until more conclusive evidence is produced by one side or the other." But this suspension of judgment seems to be purely nominal. Mr. Cowley swallows whole the Stalinist interpretation of "Trotskyism" as leading straight to fascism, the restoration of capitalism and even "the creation of elements of a new bourgeoisie" (p. 159 of the trial record). To believe Trotsky capable of the hare-brained tactics ascribed to him by Prosecutor Vyshinsky—and

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Mr. Cowley—one must also believe him in the last stages of senile dementia. And to believe that, one would have to take care not to read "The Revolution Betrayed."

The trouble with the trial, of course, is that it proves too much. No one could be as consistently malevolent as the Trotsky of these confessions. Word for word, the testimony dovetails into Stalin's foreign and domestic policy. Has Pravda been plugging the new-won higher standard of living? Trotsky was plotting to lower it! The collective farms? Trotsky would hand them back to the kulaks! The Five Year Plan? Trotskyites tried to wreck it! The Stakhanovite heroes? Trotskyites murdered them! And the defendants join in the game with suspicious fervor. Unanimously they excoriate Trotsky. Pyatakov (p. 539) speaks of "my loathsome past . . . this filth . . . this vileness, festering sore. . . . " Drobnis (p. 559): " . . . the stuffy, stinking, foul, evil-smelling Trotsky underworld. . . . " And so on right down the line.

I bring up these points, not because I think they offer a complete explanation of probably the most baffling state trial in history, but because I feel that Mr. Cowley should have reckoned with them. I quite agree with him that the evidence is as yet insufficient to enable one to reach any judgment. And in the hope of stimulating the production of more satisfactory evidence, I have joined the Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky. Mr. Cowley began his article by confessing, with disarming candor, a personal prejudice against Trotsky. It is only fair to confess, on my part, an equally deep-seated prejudice in Trotsky's favor. It's hardly necessary to give my reasons. They are about the same as Mr. Cowley's.

New York City. DWIGHT MACDONALD.

Trade Follows Mr. Fleming

SIR: Those of your readers who are familiar with Peter Fleming's travel books, and with his development into a good British imperialist, might be interested in the note from a Delhi, India, correspondent printed in The London Times of March 11:

> Messages from Kashgar, Chinese Turkestan, state that an attempt is being made to open the southern route to China partly on the route followed by Mr. Peter Fleming in 1935.

New York City. ELIOT JANEWAY.

Freedom at Göttingen

SIR: For those universities and colleges still considering the question of whether or not to send a delegation to the Göttingen celebration, the following item taken from the Frankfurter Zeitung of April 20, 1937, might be illuminating:

> Professor Dr. Hermann Nohl, Ordinarius for philosophy, pedagogy and esthetics, was relieved of his duties by the Reich Minister of Education. The dismissal was based on paragraph 4 of the Law for Dismissals and Transfers of Teachers in Higher Institutions of Learning in Connection with the Reconstruction of the German University System.

Dr. Hermann Nohl is one of the most distinguished philosophers and pedagogues in Germany and also enjoys an international reputation with his work on Dilthey and Hegel. He is completely Aryan, is only fifty-eight years old and has been full professor at Göttingen since 1920. He was never engaged in active political work. The clause used for his dismissal has been used in most cases where the Aryan paragraph was not sufficient to weed out professors whose *educational* ideals do not coincide with the reigning *educational* ideals of the Nazi regime.

New York City. KOPPEL S. PINSON.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Agnes Smedley, from Yennanfu, North Shensi Province, China, writes in denying strenuously the recent highly colored press reports (not in The New Republic) about her activities as a propagandist for the Chinese Communist Party. She says: "I am a free writer, writing freely and without direction from any individual or organization. For the time being I am living as a guest in the Soviet regions, collecting material for a new book. But neither now, nor in the past, have I had any organic connection with any Communist Party anywhere."

A. Garcia Diaz, of New York City, applauds our editorial in the issue of May 5 about balancing the budget and says that the real balancing needed is "an equitable distribution of the income of the nation by means of raising wages and shortening hours of labor." . . . George Albee, whose recent novel, "Young Robert," was reviewed by B. E. Bettinger in our issue of April 12, regrets that the reviewer did not perceive the "Liberalism is Death" theme in the novel. Mr. Albee also objects to what he considers the "flippant" tone of the review.

Louis Colman, of the International Labor Defense, calls our attention to some effective follow-up action after the recent Supreme Court decisions in civil-liberties cases. The ILD took the case of Dirk de Jonge, charged in Oregon with criminal syndicalism, to the Supreme Court, and after winning freedom for de Jonge went right on to a successful campaign for the repeal of the criminal-syndicalism law in Oregon. At the same time, the Commonwealth Federation in the neighboring state of Washington initiated a legislative campaign for the repeal of the criminal-syndicalism law in that state and won. The going has been more difficult in California, Montana, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, Michigan and Illinois, although repeal measures have been introduced in all those states.

Sir Leo Chiozza Money writes from North Guildford, Surrey, England, to protest against Bruce Bliven's recent open letter to Marshal Graziani [The New Republic, March 31]. Sir Leo questions the accuracy of Mr. Bliven's figure that 1,600 natives were executed in reprisal for the attack on Graziani, and suggests that repressive measures equaling anything in Ethiopia would be taken if a Negro mob in one of our Southern states were to hurl bombs at a party of leaders of the United States Army. He cites instances of British cruelty in India, Ireland and South Africa, and says that in the war in Ethiopia "civilization went hand in hand with conquest."

The American Civil Liberties Union calls our attention to an instance of flagrant injustice in Atlanta, Georgia. Mrs. A. V. Alling, who was born in that city and worked as a substitute school teacher to support herself and her daughter after her husband died in 1933 of wounds received in the World War, is now unable to get teaching assignments. She attributes this to the fact that she had formed a small class of liberal-minded persons to study current events and the second meeting of the group, held at her home, was broken up by police, who accused her of being a Communist. She was held in jail without bond for three weeks while strenuous efforts were made to obtain an indictment against her, but in view of the fact that the grand jury returned a no-bill and thus admitted the falsity of the charges she thinks she should be restored to the regular employment lists.

What's on the Air?

National Chairman John D. M. Hamilton in further thoughts on the fate and future of the Republican Party. Sunday, May 16, 11 to 11:30 P.M., CBS.

John G. Winant, former chairman of the National Security Board, leads a round-table discussion of the question, "Is Public Recreation Pampering Youth?" Tuesday, May 18, 10 to 10:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Jacob Baker, chairman of President Roosevelt's Commission on Coöperatives in Europe, which made an extensive tour of Europe last summer, will speak on Wednesday, May 19, from 10:45 to 11 P.M., CBS.

President William Green of the A.F. of L. gives his views on "The Labor Situation." Friday, May 21, 10:45 to 11 P.M., CBS.

C. A. Dykstra, recently installed as president of the University of Wisconsin, is chief speaker in a program from the campus. Wednesday, May 19, 11:30 to 12 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Notable musical programs of the week include a performance of "Mignon" as part of the spring season of the Metropolitan Opera Company, with Wilfred Pelletier conducting, Saturday, May 15, 2 to 5 P.M., NBC-Red Network; appearance of Gladys Swarthout as soloist with a symphony orchestra directed by Eugene Ormandy, Sunday, May 16, 9 to 10 P.M., and the Kreiner String Quartet continuing its series of Mozart programs with a portion of the Quartet in B-flat major and all of the Quartet in C major, Friday, May 21, 3 to 3:30 P.M., CBS.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Freud in Fiction[1]

DON'T BE misled in either direction by the ballyhullabaloo over "The Outward Room." It neither is nor pretends to be a splendid work of art. But it is an honest and likable novel, very good within its limitations, and it deals with material almost new to fiction. The heroine is a girl vowed to death who fights her way back to life and sanity. At the beginning of the story she is in the Depressive Ward of a state hospital, surrounded by women who are hopelessly insane. The doctor thinks she has a chance to recover if only she can be made to realize that her parents were not responsible for the death of the brother whom she had loved. The parents come to see her; she shrieks at them, "You killed him! . . . Go away." Yet even after this failure, this disaster, the doctor doesn't lose all hope for her. More or less deliberately, he encourages her to escape from the asylum.

All this part of the novel, with its asylum shoptalk, its portrait gallery of patients and nurses, its probings of the unconscious mind, I found utterly convincing. The heroine's escape is an adventure story, and a good one; her arrival in New York empty-handed is Horatio Alger translated into serious literature—more handicapped than Alger's newsboys or bootblacks, she had to make her way in the city not only without money or a job but even without a name; and she has to begin by recapturing the wish to live. Just when she is on the point of giving up—she has ridden half the night in the subway and is about to be thrown out of a cafeteria because she can't even buy a cup of coffee—a stranger helps her and takes her home. Very soon they fall in love.

The rest of the story is less absorbing and less single in its effect. It happens that the kind stranger is a lathe operator, a class-conscious worker. Possibly the author wanted to show that his heroine, when she learned to love him, not only weakened the death-wish in herself by transferring her affections from her dead brother, but widened her sympathies to include the whole working class. There might be an interesting transition here between individual psychology and group psychology. But the transition is blurred, and the scenes in factories and slums, though interesting in themselves, don't quite fit into the story. The end of it is psychologically sound but fictionally a little neat. When the lover hears that his brother has been killed in a mine accident, the heroine sees his grief and shares it; at last she is able to forget her own dead.

"Trumpet of Jubilee" is a fine novel through half its length, a fine novel so long as it describes the actual torture and degradation of the Jews under Hitler. Kurt Weiss, the hero of this first section, is a successful German-Jewish lawyer who regards himself as a German pure and simple. When his German nationality is snatched away, he cannot fall back on the great Jewish tradition; he has nothing left except his inner strength and the capacity for suffering of an admirable character. Perhaps Kurt and his wealthy friends of the Charlottenburg quarter are painted in a too heroic light (it is hard for me to say "heroic" and "Charlottenburg" in the same sentence). We are told almost nothing about the Jews near Alexanderplatz, who suffered even more and hadn't the comfort of an assured income. The Nazis enter the novel as a pure embodiment of evil, which does not help us to understand them. But these distortions are permissible and even artistically wise, since they add to the power of what is essentially a folk epic, as simple and bold and full of indignation as the historical books of the Bible.

The real folk epic ends midway in the novel. After the historical books come the prophetic books, and in this case they are vastly less impressive. The story told in the second section is of Kurt's son, Gabriel Weiss, and how he grew to manhood and genius in an American city. His adventures are followed from 1940 till about 1953, when the forces of world democracy meet the combined forces of fascism and communism at Armageddon—yes, on the actual hill of Megiddo, in Palestine—and modern civilization as a whole is destroyed in the battle. Mr. Lewisohn's picture of the future seems to be a mixture of wish fulfilment and fear fulfilment. He imagines that part of the American population has moved rapidly toward a Utopia of tolerance, coöperation, distributivism, religious piety, sexual adjustment, cheap books, high thinking and down with the Communist intellectuals. He imagines that another part of the population hates this Utopia and tries to destroy it—not for any logical or historical reason whatever, but simply because the masses "are full of a dumb malice, of a stealthy enmity that existed in them before it had any object." And it is even worse throughout Europe and Asia, where Fascists and Communists unite out of pure and unmotivated hatred for civilization, carrying everything before them—till just before Armageddon there is nothing left but "that Palestinian promontory of justice and goodness which jutted out into a world of raging savagery." In the end it does not seem that Mr. Lewisohn is even trying to prophesy a conceivably real future. He is writing—at times he is overwriting—a mystical tract in favor of mystical Jewish nationalism.

Both these books are examples of a tendency toward using Freudian psychology in new fields of fiction. Mr. Brand's use of it in "The Outward Room" seems entirely legitimate and desirable, so long as it is confined to the individual problems of the heroine. In "Trumpet of Jubilee" there are almost no individuals at all; there are only personifications of virtue or vice. The Freudian psychology is applied to society at large, but in a loose and unconvincing fashion. "Fascists by and large were sadists; Communists by and large were masochists"; both of them yielded to the dark Freudian Id, without a sufficient development of the Ego or the Super-Ego. Mr. Lewisohn likes to believe that his enemies on both sides are essentially the same, and this leads him into making one of the oddest Freudian slips of the pen that I have run across in any recent novel. He has been talking about a despicable tobacco-chewing Fascist named Gunther Hicks, of Mississippi. Suddenly, on page 259, he begins referring to this unlettered demagogue as Granville Hicks. Money poured into his coffers, Mr. Lewisohn says, "as money had once poured into those of Hitler." That will be good news for Granville Hicks's coffers.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

[1] The Outward Room, by Millen Brand. New York: Simon and Schuster. $1.25.

Trumpet of Jubilee, by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

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An Agamemnon for an Age of Dictators

The Agamemnon of Aeschylus, translated by Louis MacNeice. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 71 pages. $1.50.

THIS TRANSLATION of the "Agamemnon" by Louis MacNeice is an excellent piece of work. It is interesting to see what happens to Aeschylus at the hands of one of the Auden group of poets—certainly something considerably different from anything that has been made of him before. Browning kept the darkness and the terseness of the Greek, but didn't precisely turn it into English. Fitzgerald rather sweetened it and ironed it out. Mr. MacNeice, who has been known before as the author of brilliant ironic and impressionistic poems, proves able to command a verse which gives a good deal of the vigor and grandeur of the original and even succeeds in conveying something of the effect of its oracular coagulated language. If he is not really better than Fitzgerald, he does some things which Fitzgerald could not.

It is curious to compare the two translations. Here is a passage which shows them in contrast:

Fitzgerald

CLYTEMNESTRA

Call not on Death, old man, that, call'd or no,
Comes quick; nor spend your ebbing breath on me,
Nor Helena: who but as arrows be
Shot by the hidden hand behind the bow.

CHORUS

Alas, alas! The Curse I know
That round the House of Atreus clings,
About the roof, about the walls,
Shrouds it with his sable wings;
And still as each new victim falls,
And gorged with kingly gore,
Down on the bleeding carcase flings,
And croaks for "More, more, more!"

MacNeice

CLYTEMNESTRA

Do not pray for the portion of death
Weighed down by these things, do not turn
Your anger on Helen as destroyer of men,
One woman destroyer of many
Lives of Greek men,
A hurt that cannot be healed.

CHORUS

O Evil Spirit, falling on the family,
On the two sons of Atreus and using
Two sisters in heart as your tools,
A power that bites to the heart—
See on the body
Perched like a raven he gloats
Harshly croaking his hymn.

It will be seen that Fitzgerald has done better with Helen—and this is true of his translation throughout—than with the raven which symbolizes the ancestral curse of the Atreidai, whereas MacNeice—of the merits of whose translation this passage is not, however, a fair specimen—succeeds better with the raven than with Helen. Note, also, that, whereas MacNeice has been content to take Aeschylus's lines as meaning merely that Helen, "being one," has "destroyed so many," Fitzgerald seizes on the "being one" of the text—understanding it in a different sense—to raise a fundamental problem and generalize the situation: the verses recall Omar Khayyam in their point of view as well as in their form. This contemplative nineteenth-century determinism pervades Fitzgerald's whole translation. Mr. MacNeice, on the other hand, explains, a little jauntily, in his foreword that "Helen and Clytemnestra were not just bad women; they were agents rather than creators of evil" and indicates the Greek theme of "the principle of Evil which logic cannot comprehend"; but it is obvious that he does not take Aeschylus's fatalism seriously in the same way that Fitzgerald does. With Aeschylus, it was part of his religion; with Fitzgerald, it was part of a philosophy. What we find in Mr. MacNeice, on the whole, is catastrophe unilluminated by either philosophy or religion.

But on the catastrophic side of Aeschylus with its apocalyptic imagery, Mr. MacNeice is much stronger than Fitzgerald:

I fear the house-collapsing crashing
Blizzard of blood—of which these drops are earnest

—such lines are quite Aeschylean. And all this is associated in MacNeice with talk of "militarism" and "dictatorships," as contrasted with and triumphing over democratic institutions and human welfare. Out of the old drama of hatred and disaster Mr. MacNeice has made today one of the few recent translations of the classics which are really worth reading as literature.

EDMUND WILSON.

All-American

Buckskin Breeches, by Phil Stong. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Bugles Blow No More, by Clifford Dowdey. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Bread and a Sword, by Evelyn Scott. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

They Came Like Swallows, by William Maxwell. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

Neighbor to the Sky, by Gladys Hasty Carroll. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THERE are some snobs who don't want to include, in such a five-dollar category as "literature," the weekly output of mere novels. But literature is born, not made; it is born all the time, every week of the year, no matter how little you like the red-faced look of it at first sight. Readers (and reviewers) are midwives, wet-nurses, proud parents, anything you like except executioners. Executioners are hardly necessary, for literature dies too; some of it faster than the rest, but all in good time. These five books may not last longer than so many grasshoppers; what of it? They are signs of life; any one of them may be the sign you are looking for; all of them mean that America is giving its novelists something to think about. The authors of these five novels hail from five different states—Iowa, Virginia, Tennessee, Illinois and Maine—and I won't deny that some of them could be classed as "sectional" novels; but as you read them it's not their sectional differences that strike you but their national similarity.

When Phil Stong wrote his "State Fair" some years ago, the book appealed to many people as such a shrewd, cheerful, lively affair that they have kept their eyes on Mr. Stong ever since. In spite of several melodramatic phonies that were obviously written with one eye on Hollywood, Mr. Stong was still given the deferred benefit of their first

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doubt. "Buckskin Breeches" is announced with a big beating of the publisher's drum as the serious novel Mr. Stong's faithful followers were waiting for. Alas, no. Those who were waiting may as well put on their hats and go home. Before a thin flim-flam of historical props, Mr. Stong has trotted out the same old goofy crew of ham actors; and they look and sound even goofier all dressed up in old-fashioned costumes. "Buckskin Breeches" is supposedly a tale of the settling of Iowa, Mr. Stong's native state. The hero is a retired Indian-fighter turned tavern-keeper: the kind of man who can write Greek hexameters with one hand while he gouges the eye of a swashbuckling bully with the other. A quietly bitter fellow, whose wife doesn't appreciate him. The beautiful half-caste maid does; and when she kills herself for love of him, he quietly approves. Well, off they go into the West, and as they succeed in helping to settle Iowa, there must have been more to them than that. The thing is, I can't believe they ever really settled Iowa or any place else. We mustn't forget, however, that Mr. Stong was sufficiently concerned with pioneer America to write a book about it, no matter how sleazy. That's the silver lining in "Buckskin Breeches."

The Civil War is one of America's great epics, and it has the advantage over others that it is still in the consciousness of Americans. But the epic remains unwritten; I suppose Brady's incomplete photographic record is the nearest anyone has come. Mr. Dowdey, in "Bugles Blow No More," comes closer than "Gone with the Wind"; but how close is that? Between the writing of the two books there is little to choose; Mr. Dowdey used to write for the pulps, and still shows the scars of his servitude. But Confederate Richmond, the scene of "Bugles Blow No More," has to my mind all the advantages over Confederate Atlanta. And the romantic interest in Mr. Dowdey's tale plays only a minor part; the real story is what happened in Richmond from the hysteria of Secession Night to the terrible awakening after Petersburg and Appomattox, four years later. Mr. Dowdey's characters are often wooden and their emotions unconvincing; but even if they were completely lifelife they would hardly seem more than pathetic puppets in the face of the true and tragic events that marked the Confederacy's long fall to ruin.

Mrs. Scott once wrote a novel, "The Wave," which I still think is the best story of the Civil War I have read. Since then Mrs. Scott has progressively disappointed me. Her latest, "Bread and a Sword," makes embarrassing reading. It is also boring. This makes her third book on the not very generally interesting subject of "the artist and the creative problem"; in a thirty-one-page preface she almost promises it will be her last word about it. I absolutely refuse to give away the excruciatingly dull plot, beyond saying that it has to do with the struggles of an expatriate novelist, his ailing wife, her suburban parents, the shifts and chances of the late depression in New Jersey and New York City. It might give the reader some warning idea of how hard the book must have been to write if I add that, according to Mrs. Scott's little postscript, it was begun in 1923 at Collioure, Bas Pyrénées, went on to Bou Saada, Algeria; Cintra, Portugal; Scotch Plains, New Jersey; Walberswick, Suffolk; and reached its conclusion, thirteen years after the start, in New York City. "Bread and a Sword" is very earnestly, exclamatorily, three-dottedly, badly written. It has 488 pages.

"They Came Like Swallows" is strangely blurbed by its publisher as "the heart and humor of an American family." Blurbs are—shall we say, sometimes misleading? In this case, the book is better than that. I kept waiting, more and more apprehensively, for the humor to burst out and destroy Mr. Maxwell's delicate little story. It never did. I guess the publisher was just afraid readers might shy away from a novel that might make them cry without giving them a compensating belly-laugh. "They Came Like Swallows" has the nostalgic quality of a too-soon-dead woman's photograph. It is the story of a Middle Western family of twenty years ago, a typically American matriarchal family in which the father loves his wife almost to the exclusion of his sons; the sons love their mother almost to the exclusion of their father and each other; the woman, by her apparently simple existence, holds them all together. Mr. Maxwell does not attempt too much: his story has the tears of tragedy in it, but its finality is childhood's.

If the men and women of Maine were all like the people in Miss Carroll's books, America would do well to follow Maine's lead. But in "Neighbor to the Sky," after the kind of promising beginning which leads a reader to expect a really refreshing country vacation—and Miss Carroll sets a grand old-fashioned table, with the kind of food that sticks to your ribs—her characters begin to act in an alarmingly restless fashion. The solid hero leaves farm and carpenter's bench for love of an ambitious girl who hates the country and is determined to climb some kind of ladder to the top. It turns out that a really good Maine carpenter can do anything he sets his mind to, such as working his way through college with a wife on his hands, getting a Ph.D. and becoming a rising light in the interstellar spaces of educational psychology. It turns out also, to everyone's relief, that education, and especially the educational racket, is not enough. Maine wins in the end, and not a moment too soon. Miss Carroll has some shrewd things to say about the American academic system and some shrewder things to imply about the way America is going. Her moral is an implicit question: what will happen to Maine, what will happen to America, when all the good boys and girls have left the farm for the city? Her grimly common-sense answer is that some of them had better come home while they still have the sense.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Hello, Sucker

False Security: The Betrayal of the American Investor, by Bernard J. Reis. New York: The Equinox Coöperative Press. 362 pages. $2.75.

THIS IS a startling book. Mr. Reis, who is a public accountant of long experience, shows the American investor bucking the slick shell game of American finance. The average investor, poor devil, does not expect to make millions and become a snorting Napoleon of stocks and bonds. All he wants is to have some decent security for his hard-earned dollars and a fair return on them. What happens to him and his money is set forth by Mr. Reis with factual realism.

There is no vagueness in the manner of Mr. Reis; he is not an impressionist. When he makes an assertion he proves it by the arithmetic of accountants, rather than by the nebulous mathematics of promoters. John T. Flynn has written a preface for the book, in which he describes Mr. Reis as "that rare bird, an accountant with a high social vision." Rare birds with high social vision usually pay for their distinction, and I fancy that Mr. Reis will find out before long that large corporations are not so amiable toward him and his work of public accounting as they used to be.

The exploits of cheap side-show financial racketeers are not included in this book. Mr. Reis devotes his analytic

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talent to the big circus and its stars; to such acrobats and magicians as the Chase National Bank, the dignified concerns that bilked the American public of something like a billion dollars in worthless foreign bonds, the astonishing investment trusts, the business of "guaranteed" mortgages, the towering cardboard structures of the public-utility companies. Before your eyes innumerable rabbits are pulled out of hats. A ten-dollar bill, waved before the investing public, is changed miraculously into a thousand dollars, but it shrinks to a dime before you can grab it, and the dime turns out to be counterfeit.

Mr. Reis emphasizes the fact that stockholders in large concerns have practically no voice in the management of the corporations they own. These are run by a small group of officers and directors whose financial interest is negligible. The voting at stockholders' meetings is done by proxy. The Van Sweringen brothers, before their collapse, controlled $2,000,000,000 of assets on an investment of $1,000,000. In the Cities Service Company the common stock was sold to the public at $50 a share, and each share has one-twentieth of a vote; whereas the preferred stock—sold to insiders at $1 a share—has one full vote. In other words, you must have a $1,000 investment in common stock to vote on equal terms with a preferred stockholder who has invested $1.

But let us not be too gloomy over it all. There are bright spots. Very likely you go around saying that the Great Depression was a disaster for everybody. Well, it was not for the officers of the big corporations. Mr. Reis gives a list of fifty national enterprises with their earnings and the salaries of their officers. The salaries went up instead of down. The Anaconda Mining Company—to select one example—earned $24,174,000 in 1928, and its president got a salary of $195,000. In 1931 the earnings had dropped to $1,555,000, and the president's salary had gone up to $320,250. In 1929 the earnings of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation were $42,242,980, and Mr. Schwab received a salary of $150,000 a year. The corporation earned less than nothing at all in 1932; it had a deficit of $19,000,000, but Mr. Schwab's salary was then up to $250,000. I do not pretend to know the final answer to all this. Maybe it can be solved only by reference to the mathematics of "Alice in Wonderland." Suppose Bethlehem Steel had gone completely busted, what should Mr. Schwab's salary be? Why, a million dollars a year, says the White Rabbit.

I have not said so before, but I say now that there is a definite quality of constructiveness in Mr. Reis's book. In the final chapters he suggests a remedy that I hope you will take to heart and mind.

W. E. WOODWARD.

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Mid-Victorian Album

Portraits from Life, by Ford Madox Ford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 235 pages. $3.

FORD MADOX FORD, who woke up in this world to find his cradle surrounded by pre-Raphaelites and by an austere and high moral wall of Watts-Duntons, Ruskins and Carlyles; who was fed *marrons glacés* by the poets, painters and poet-painter friends of his father; who saw Swinburne plain in 1879, though the author of "Itylus" at the time was too befogged to see him; who sat on the knee of Turgenev and saw Liszt descend the steps of Saint James's Hall, had, before his mother clipped his pre-Raphaelite locks and put him in long pants, met almost every literary bigwig of England and the Continent. Great literary figures in those days were fearsome monsters to meet, even strong men quailed before the Hitlers and Görings of the Mid-Victorian literary salons; and that Ford Madox Ford did not come through his youth maimed for life, or did not go off the deep end in one way or another, was due obviously to some early faculty for creating a strong, highly coördinated, highly efficient Maginot line of self-defense. It was a question of the literary ogres eating him or he them. Possibly Ford succeeded in preserving his identity, as this present volume suggests, by surrounding and absorbing them with his imagination, much as an amoeba is said to absorb its food.

In this collection of portraits running all the way from Turgenev down (I speak only in terms of time) to our own Mr. Dreiser, Ford lets some of the more friendly and shaggy monsters free to wander through his pages, very much as if they were looking for a good novel to climb into. The portraits are by no means factual; as Ford confesses in his introductory epistle, "for factual exactitudes I have never had much use. I have, I repeat, been trying to make you see these people whom I have very much loved —as I want them seen." It is a high-handed and truculent program and, were Ford not a good artist and greater craftsman, it would condemn him at the start. But Ford, however little he may care for "factual exactitude," and however much he likes to draw a bow as long as the fabulous Irish wolf-hound he tells us he once met in Paris that measured twelve feet from tail to muzzle, nevertheless has extreme care for those deeper exactitudes of form and presentation which make a Pickwick or an Uncle Toby more real than our own aunts and uncles.

It is only seldom that his native gift for writing fails him in those soft places where less an artist than he, writing so dangerous a book, would have bogged down hub-deep in sentimentality. Ford comes closest to this disaster in his chapter on Stephen Crane, which for all its warmth and honesty is none too credible a defense of a brilliant writer who went Hollywood in that particular big way the nineties opened to him. There is too much fiction in the wrong sense here, the portrait is overidealized, however cleverly Ford has drawn it, and we are left with a suspicion that Ford's Steevie wrote himself into a grave, not because he wanted happiness too much but because he wanted the wrong kind.

But the portraits in the aggregate—those of Henry James, Swinburne, Hardy, Turgenev, Hudson—are full of warmth and good spirits, packed with the detail that only a good novelist like Ford knows best how to employ. And though they may be written in a mood of predilection and supply little material for a factual biographer to draw upon, they are at least the kind of portrait one would choose to have hanging about on the walls of one's library.

SLATER BROWN.

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Americana

Idaho, a Guide in Word and Picture, prepared by the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 431 pages. $3.

THE ESSAYS in this WPA Idaho Guidebook are mostly very well written. The photos and maps, considering that the State Director of the Writers' Project, Vardis Fisher, had to get along without a paid photographer, are at least ambitious. The book, so far as good writing and sensitive observation of detail can carry it, is an achievement some states may think themselves fortunate to equal in their own guides.

But too many things are left out or only hinted at. One such omission is the Coeur d'Alene strike and massacre, inseparable from the state's history. Because of a neglect of the contemporary scene and whatever is vital in the state's business, political and social backgrounds, the fine sections devoted to flora and fauna, early Indians, tall tales of a folklore type, and so on, seem out of proportion. The conclusion is inescapable that this is only a half-visit to Idaho.

The Washington headquarters of the project, staffed by intelligent men and women, would like to see the various states' guides, when finished, make their own way as books should, on their merits. But, having made no provision for publication in the beginning, it finds itself tied by local sponsoring agencies, such as Chambers of Commerce, who all too often think the guides should be advertising tracts. As an instance of how this censorship works, in Missouri the Ozark Guide, written by Vance Randolph, nationally known authority on the region, was turned down by its potential sponsor because in one place he says: "Legend has it that Ozark farmers seed the earth with shotguns because of the steep and rocky soil, inaccessible to the plow," and the Chamber's seismograph foretold howls of rage from vendors of Ozark farms.

Fisher was fortunate in that his private publishers were willing to take a chance on the book. Local patriots, while sound and true men all, might have expected even more for their money than they got.

J. S. BALCH.

A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains, by Dorothy Scarborough. New York: Columbia University Press. 495 pages. $4.50.

There has developed a school of ballad anthologists who are making a valuable set of regional collections, and with the fine precedent of Frances J. Child and the generous support of Professor George L. Kittredge, their work has taken a definite place in American scholarship. Eight or more of these studies have been published by the Harvard University Press, including one by Dorothy Scarborough. Her latest volume, posthumously printed, was published at Columbia University, where she taught. The book falls into three parts: first, a spirited and rather gossipy account of her experiences in tracking down the ballads and persuading the singers to overcome their timidity, always by tact and often with the supplementary lure of the recording machine in which they could hear their own voices; second, about three hundred pages of the ballads with brief accompanying comment; and third, an extremely interesting set of recorded melodies with the melodic variants which in some cases seem to be as marked as the verbal ones. The book in its present shape is of interest both to literary scholars and the lovers of fugitive song, and is a substantial supplement to the excursions into this particular

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field which have already been made by Sharp and Campbell, Wyman and Brockway and other successors. P. H. B.

The Hill Country of Northern New England: Its Social and Economic History, 1790-1930, by Harold Fisher Wilson. New York: Columbia University Press. 470 pages. $4.25.

This book tells how people have made their living—or failed to make it—in the back country of Vermont and New Hampshire. It tells how the land was cleared to the topmost slopes of the Green Mountains, how it prospered in the days of self-sufficient farming, and how it was drained of life after 1840 by the railroads that carried its people westward to the wheatfields or southward to the textile mills. It tells also how the hill country has enjoyed a revival since 1900, as a result of dairy cattle and "summer guests," who also yield rich milk. There is a fine passage on the wool boom of the 1840's, when Vermont had nearly two million sheep, but there is nothing about the boom in beef during the Civil War, nothing about tobacco in the Connecticut Valley south of Bellows Falls, and not a word about Morgan horses. In other words, the scholarship is good but not curious or exhaustive. It is a book primarily for college librarians, but your friends will like it if they are thinking of getting a summer place in Vermont.

M. C.

Contributors

C. B. ALLEN is aviation editor of The New York Herald Tribune. He served as a lieutenant in the air corps of the United States Army during the World War and now holds a captain's commission in the reserves.

ROBERT MCROBERTS is a young Pittsburgher. His contribution to the present issue of The New Republic is his first published article.

LELAND STOWE for nine years was Paris correspondent for The New York Herald Tribune and was in Spain at the time of the revolt in the Asturias in 1934. For the past three years he has been a member of the newspaper's editorial staff in New York. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1930 for his reporting of the Young conference on reparations in Paris in 1929 and is the author of a book, "Nazi Means War," published in 1933.

PAUL ROSENFELD's most recent book is "Discoveries of a Music Critic," published last fall by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

T. S. MATTHEWS is the author of two novels, "To the Gallows I Must Go" and "The Moon's No Fool." He lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

W. E. WOODWARD is the author of several novels and biographies. His latest book, "A New American History," is the subject of much current controversy among historians and literary commentators.

EDMUND WILSON'S most recent book, "Travels in Two Democracies," was published last year by Harcourt, Brace. He is also the author of "Axel's Castle," "The American Jitters" and "I Thought of Daisy."

SLATER BROWN, formerly a member of the editorial staff of The New Republic, lives in Putnam County, New York. He is working on a series of satirical poems.

J. S. BALCH is now assistant editor of the Missouri Writers' Project, and also does a weekly book review for The St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He was formerly on the editorial staffs of The Anvil, Left Front and Partisan Review.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Percy H. Boynton and Malcolm Cowley.

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